"SIN" BY MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON. YOU MUST READ IT.

Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

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THE "NUT" ABOUT TOWN.

Modern Man

No. 214. Week ending December 7. One Penny.

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

Our Frontispiece.

What you see on our front cover is a "nut." There are different kinds of "nuts." There is the chestnut (so often met with in the smoke-room at the club), the racing "nut," and the "nut" about town. The exquisite on our cover is of the latter description. Generally this kind of "nut" is reared on some sort of "family tree"—and unkind people sometimes assert that he is "cracked." But we do not go so far as this. "Nuttishness" is a passing phase in the life of almost every man; and it is fairly certain that one of these days the "nut" will come out of his shell.

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Dangers of Office.

Truly this once placid, clear-headed country is growing an excitable Latin race every day. The disgraceful attempt against Sir Edward Henry, the Metropolitan Chief of Police, by a twenty-five-year-old man is a thing which would have been rare ten years ago, but which is a much more common occurrence nowadays. Also it points two morals.

Firstly a man of so responsible a position—and a position so hated by the criminal classes—as Sir Edward Henry might fitly have some sort of protection from violence when away from his house; and, secondly, our recent indictment of the ease with which firearms and gun-licenses can be obtained in this country is once again irrefutably borne out.

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Royalty at Welbeck.

Their Majesties the King and Queen, who have recently been paying a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck Abbey, have been giving illustrations of their many-sided interests. Whereas the King is perhaps happiest when spending his leisure moments in active sports of the field, Queen Mary's tastes incline more towards the social side. Thus it was that King George spent characteristically enjoyable days, shooting over the Clownehall Coverts, when large bags were secured.

Queen Mary, attended by the Duchess of Portland and the Marquis de Soveral, visited the Victoria Hospital at Worksop. Two of the patients at that institution who came in for a large need of the queenly sympathy were men who had each had a hand blown off in a local quarry explosion. Her Majesty expressed her sympathy; and the Duchess of Portland promised, on the Duke's behalf, that they should be provided with artificial limbs.

* * *

Kindly Magistrate.

It will be seen in another column that we point out the dangers that threaten society at large from some magistrates' habit of overdue lenience with criminals. At the same time we are firm admirers of magistrates who possess that rare characteristic, a human understanding. And it is in this spirit that we wish to be the first to pat Mr. Paul Taylor on the back. The other day a horse cab-driver was before him at Marylebone, accused of leaving his vehicle unattended at a rank. The man explained that he went to get some bread and cheese, after waiting some hours without a fare. On the previous day he waited with his horse for ten hours without a fare, and the animal did not attempt to move once. Mr. Taylor expressed his regret that the cab trade was in so bad a state; and imposed a sixpenny fine and costs—2s. 6d. in all. At the same time he gave the poor cabby a sporting "way out."

In imposing one day in prison as an alternative, he added, "If you care to stay here until four o'clock you needn't pay anything at all."

Mr. Paul Taylor is a magistrate of the kind we like.

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Political Note:—The Bow and Bromley Liberals say that the victorious Unionist candidate loves a Blair on his own trumpet.

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Servants' Commissions.

The Secret Commissions and Bribery Prevention League is an institution which is doing good work; and some interesting facts were given by one of its members recently, regarding the boycotting of tradesmen by servants, when commission is refused by the former. Here is an especially bad case. A club chef deliberately kept fresh fish until it was stale, and then cooked it. The members of the club complained so much that the tradesman lost his order. The tradesman had refused to give the chef commission.

Another tradesman said: "One of my men who went to a large house for an order was told by the chef that the tradesman he came from was known to be 'no good' for commission, and he could not have an order."

This sort of thing will be realised in its full extent when it is considered that in a certain big house in London, each member of the household would have to consume 2½lbs. of meat a day if all that is charged for in the tradesmen's accounts were really delivered. We do not like this system at all. It puts a premium on dishonest tradesmen (for it is only by overcharging employers that they can afford to pay the enormous commissions demanded by the servants), and the honest tradesman goes to the wall. We wish the Secret Commissions and Bribery Prevention League every success in their campaign against this particularly despicable form of kitchen corruption.

* * *

Whist Drives Again.

That unfortunate pastime whist—in the form of "drives," so dear to the hearts of most sections of the community, is coming in for more discussion; and its latest champion is Mr. Will Crooks, M.P. Last week, in the House of Commons, he pointed out to the Home Secretary that a defendant at the North London Police Court was fined for running what are called partners' whist drives. Also that since the decision in the High Court in the case of Morris and Godfrey, the opinion has generally been held that while the ordinary progressive was illegal, the "partners'" drive was not. Further he hinted that the partners' drive should be left in peace pending a definite decision on this point.

Bravo, Mr. Crooks! We do not mind admitting that we dislike the spoil-sport Stiggins element heartily; and we are glad to see you as an upholder of the mild amusements of the people.

* * *

Rare and Refreshing Islands.

Mr. King, M.P., is a fastidious person. He seems to object to the names of four islands in the Hebrides, to wit, Rhum, Eigg, Muck, and Canna; and he recently asked the Postmaster-General whether he could not suggest some better names for those places. Whatever may happen to the luckless Muck and Canna—the writer sincerely hopes that the names of Rhum and Eigg will be left alone in all their liquid beauty. As the Yankee said in the story, Rhum and Eigg "sound rather good" to us.

OUR FOOTBALL COMPETITION IS QUITE FREE.

The week's prize ineptitude: "Those who put a penny or a threepenny bit in the church plate when they can well afford half-a-crown have no sense of honour at all."—The Bishop of London.

* * *

Where Lying is a Fine Art.

Magisterial comment on the growing inveracity associated with our courts is becoming quite a matter of course. "Lying is rather a fine art in this part of the world," said Mr. Gillespie at West Ham Police Court the other day. "If people come to this court and tell lies, I shall have to adopt strong measures," declared Mr. Dickinson at Thames Police Court, after telling an applicant for relief from the poor-box that he was lying. And about the same time Judge Rentoul, in the City of London Court, was delivering himself of the following pregnant dictum: "Few men nowadays read an affidavit before swearing it."

A very serious state of affairs that demands proportionately serious consideration. Things are getting to such a pitch that it will soon be a farce to require the occupant of the witness-box to tell the truth. Oaths and affirmations alike go for nothing in these degenerate times, and "Truth for Truth's sake" simply raises a smile of derision.

* * *

More Borstal, Please.

The Borstal System has been on trial for twelve years, and has more than justified its adoption. After subjecting the published results to strict and independent analysis, we have satisfied ourselves that between 80 and 85 per cent. of the youths and girls who have passed through its discipline have been really and radically reformed, and have come out into the world again to live well-ordered, honest and respectable lives.

Juvenile offenders sent to herd with older prisoners in our ordinary penal establishments more often than not come out worse than they go in. More Borstal, please!

* * *

The Father of Twins.

Lord Howard de Walden now enters a little select circle of noble record-holders—namely peers, who can boast that they are the fathers of twins. Lady Howard de Walden, who was before her marriage a Miss Van Raalte, and a considerable heiress, presented her husband with twins—a boy and a girl. Others noble twins are:—

The two sons of Lord Linlithgow, born last April.

The two sons of the Earl of Dudley, born in 1907; and

The Earl of Durham and the Hon. F. W. Lambton, who are twin brothers.

Lord Howard de Walden's small son is probably the richest baby in London, for his father's income is estimated at 10s. a minute.

* * *

Sunday Papers.

A paid preacher named Owen Jacobs—alleged to be "Reverend"—who does the major part of his own work on Sunday, seeks to interfere with the sale of newspapers on that day at Haverford West, and presumably everywhere else.

A local newsagent, who considers himself to have been singled out for personal attack, in the course of an annihilating counter-attack emphasises the often-made point that the Sunday paper causes scarcely any Sunday labour anywhere, whereas the Monday paper causes no end of Sunday labour all over the world. Do you ever buy a Monday morning paper, Owen?

* * *

Cry of the Clerk Again.

Once again the wail of the clerk is heard in the land—and there is no doubt that his grievances are many and very strongly founded. It is a truism to say that he is the most underpaid of all brain-workers, and in addition to this he has often the disadvantages to contend with of insanitary, ill-lighted offices, the necessity of "keeping up appearances" on salaries less than some labourers' wages. Besides this, there is the growing evil of undercutting by women and girl workers. We sympathise sincerely with sufferers of this type—but we cannot resist expressing some dissatisfaction at the helpless spirit shown by some—nay, most of them.

The fact is there is only one remedy—not a difficult one—and they will not adopt it. The reason of the average clerk's poor pay is that there are so many clerks wanting employment that an employer can at a moment's notice replace a skilled clerk who "kicks" for a rise on his 25s. or so per week.

Thus the remedy is "organisation," the adoption of a form of the Trades Union system which would enforce a minimum living wage. Only then will the clerk be able to assert the independence which is his right.

* * *

Doing Something Practical.

While most people are talking about the Majority Report and the Minority Report of the Royal Commission on Divorce—and talking as though the report, by itself and in itself, had some sort of legislative validity—the Divorce Law Reform Union are starting in to do something practical.

"We have just concluded a special consultation with a view to drafting a Bill," the organising secretary tells us; "and certain people are being approached to make a deputation to the Home Secretary for the purpose of inquiring what steps the Government proposes taking to give effect to the recommendations of the Commissioners."

This is a reminder that we haven't got to action yet, but only as far as talk about action.

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TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE:

"KILL THAT FLY."

* * *

The Seddon-Cameron Woman.

The "further revelations" of the egregious widow of Seddon, and wife of Cameron, put her, if possible, in a worse position than she had placed herself in already. The more she says the more she implicates and condemns herself. To take her sworn declarations at the trial—to say nothing of her unsworn declarations afterwards—and to contrast them, one by one, with the confessions to which she has now committed herself, is an easy practice in multiplication—the multiplication of perjuries.

She proclaims in detail that she did know. She knew of the crime contemplated, as well as the crime committed. She did nothing to prevent; she did all she could to screen "the father of her children" after the accomplishment of his terrible design.

What induced her to rush into limelight with these odious disclosures that have shocked and disgusted—we think we may say—almost everybody? The real reasons are not far to seek.

She cannot be tried again on the charge of which she was acquitted. But will the police prosecute her on another?

* * *

DURHAM READER WINS £25.

"There's no fun like work," says Sir Thomas Lipton. Our office-boy says he is having an absolutely rollicking time carrying consignments of "M.M." Safety Razors to the post.

* * *

Mormon Sunday Schools.

Let parents, of all denominations and no denomination, look to it that their children are not decoyed into Mormon Sunday Schools. In town and country, morning and afternoon classes are held on Sunday in connection with the Mormon propaganda in England, at which the sugared filth of Mormon teaching is carefully and artfully prepared for juvenile consumption.

Modern Man has not been alone, but it will scarcely be disputed that it has been foremost in exposing the real inwardness of Mormonism in its naked horror and depravity.

Knowing what we do know, we now say that English little ones are in danger—a danger that is all the greater in that it is a disguised and insidious danger.

* * *

Sensible Fire Escape Suggestion

A correspondent makes a suggestion that we endorse as sound and practical. Let the front and back bedrooms of all large buildings, he recommends, be provided with long, strong ropes, looped at one end—or rope ladders, hung close to windows, and thus easy to throw out. Such rope escapes, of either kind, could be made easily attachable to bedsteads or other heavy articles of furniture.

"Fire escapes cannot be everywhere at the same time," is a self-evident proposition; and we agree that girls and women would more readily try to escape by sliding down a rope than jumping into a sheet.

As things are, there are hundreds and thousands of buildings—fashionable mansion-flats among them—that in the event of fire would be veritable death-traps.

* * *

Too Much Emigration.

We have lately had a good deal to say on the subject of excessive emigration. The Old Country is losing far too many of her best and brawniest. We want ourselves the very stamina we are giving to our Colonies. England is bleeding herself too freely.

The depletion of the rural districts is not only unchecked but actually encouraged. Further justification of all that we have said is to be found in a White Paper just issued, which shows that during last October alone—and October is not a favourite month with emigrants—no fewer than 40,329 people left the shores of the United Kingdom for, or in search of, permanent homes in other countries—all of them British subjects except 788.

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Lowest Birth-Rate on Record.

While the emigration-rate goes up the birth-rate comes down. The Registrar-General's quarterly return shows that the latter rate for the third quarter of the present year is the lowest for any corresponding quarter since civil registration was established, and 3.1 per 1,000 below the average rate for the ten previous third quarters. The first sentence of this brief paragraph is ominous in its significance. Read it again, and remember that the vast majority of adult emigrants are going to increase the birth-returns of the lands they journey to—instead of those of the land they journey from.

* * *

Octogenarian Crimean Knight.

Undoubtedly one of the Grand Old Men of the British Army is Sir George Wombwell, who celebrated his 80th birthday last week. Sir George shares with Viscount Tredegar the honour of being one of the only two officers who took part in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava.

He usually winters at Newburgh Priory, which once belonged to the Bellasyse family, one of whom married a daughter of Oliver Cromwell. It is said that on her father's death, this lady, anticipating the reaction, substituted another body for Cromwell's, and that the real corpse, buried privately in the great walls of Newburgh, rests there in peace to this day.

* * *

Waiters on Fortune.

Like everybody else whose name gets into the papers in connection with some lucky windfall, the Welsh agricultural labourer who recently came into a fortune by the will of a relative in America, has received an extraordinary number of begging letters from strangers. He says that up to date they total quite five hundred. He expects more—and won't be any happier when he gets them.

We happen to have had an opportunity of sampling his present stock of applications for financial assistance. In the audacity and variety of the reasons they set forth why their recipient should lose no time in sending money to their writers, the letters we have read are a credit to human ingenuity, and a revelation of human "cheek."

* * *

Birmingham Licensing Reforms.

In future grocers' licenses for the sale of spirits or alcoholic liquors are to be abolished—a drastic reform which has elicited the approval of, at any rate, one reader in that town. Writing to *Modern Man*, he says:—

". . . . . This excellent local legislation will at last do away with what was once a very bad system. Grocers who sold beer in flagons used to be in the habit of giving bonuses in the form of bottles of whisky to the customers who bought the largest quantity of beer. This undoubtedly led to a lot of secret drinking. Another phase—and a bad one—was that the ability to obtain beer from the grocer enabled women who would not care to enter a public-house to enter beer and spirits on their housekeeping allowances. In a great many cases the husbands were in ignorance of this and . . . , the situation all round was a deplorable one. I should like to see other towns following Birmingham's lead . . . . .

M. W., Birmingham."

What do our other readers think?

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Shops Act and Christmas Trade.

Small London shopkeepers, and some shopkeepers who are not small, unite in the complaint that their Christmas trade is being ruined by the Shops Act, the operation of which is making bad business worse. It is suggested that early closing compulsion should be in abeyance during this month of December, and the Home Secretary was asked in the House whether shopkeepers who had fixed Wednesday as their weekly early closing day could not be granted exemption for the Wednesday prior to Christmas Day, their assistants to be given some other half-day. The responsibility of a decision was shifted on to local authorities.

* * *

The ex-Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, on his way to Asia Minor, refused to make any use of the bath-room which was set apart for him. Another instance of the Great Unwashed.

* * *

Officious Officials.

What with officials for this, and officials for that, and officials for the other thing, we are rapidly becoming an officialised people. Act after Act lets loose a new swarm of fussing, buzzing, busy-body Jacks-in-office to poke their inquisitive noses into our homes, our places of business, our ledgers and our concerns.

The case of the poor lady who, having just lost her husband, was summoned, in the early days of her bereavement and sorrow, for not having renewed immediately in her own name her husband's dog license, was a typical instance of heartless official cruelty and petty tyranny. Just about the same time a firm of London grocers were mulcted to the tune of two guineas because one of their employees had casually recommended a servant to a customer, his principals not being registered as employment agents, or something of the sort.

This prosecution was the result of a dinner-table chat, some officious official of the Inland Revenue being present, and overhearing. Instances of a similar kind are multiplying on every hand. Cocky inspectors and inquisitors dog our footsteps. If a few of them were to get murdered, "justifiable homicide" would by some be considered the proper verdict. The spreading system of espionage is essentially un-English and entirely Continental.

* * *

Two Lives Saved by a Match.

The chances of a smoke often hang on the last match, but it was nothing less than two lives that were saved by a last match in mid-Channel the other night. Two aeronauts found their balloon dropping uncontrollably through the black air. The descent was only checked just above the waters that would submerge it all too certainly, and all too quickly, unless the attention of fishermen could be attracted and their help secured.

The two men in this desperate plight had only three matches between them with which to signal. The first two spluttered out as they were struck, but the third ignited and burned to the end. Its "light in the dark" brought a fishing boat to the spot—and the rescue.

* * *

The infant heir of the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph of Austria has been given seventeen names. The average parent, when the baby howls at night, calls it even more than that number.

THERE IS NO CHARGE FOR "NICE PLACE" POSTCARDS.

THE TWO SIDES OF A WOMAN.

The way in which a visitor is received.

The same lady's reception to her husband.

Hoots and Toots.

After ordering the disuse of the noisy "cut-out" on motor-cars and motor-cycles, Mr. John Burns promises that he is going to do something to curtail the liberty of motorists in the matter of horn and syren warnings.

They are no longer to be allowed to kick up whatever sort of row they like, in order to let us know that they are coming. He is going to insist on something like uniformity of not unpleasant sound, prohibiting that present prevalent mechanical shrieks, groans, howls, and screams in all their "infinite variety." Good, the sooner the better.

* * *

"White Slave" Police.

In view of the early passage into law of the White Slave Traffic Bill as it now stands, the Assistant Commissioner of Police is organising a special staff of men to assist the ordinary uniformed men in working the measure.

This shows that the ordinary uniformed men themselves are not thought to be efficient, without guidance and help, to carry out the unaccustomed duties they are to execute, and goes far to justify the protest of *Modern Man* against the clause which gives to any police-constable the power of summary arrest.

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Celluloid Dangers.

One most desirable reform, in the agitation for which *Modern Man* took a leading part, is about to be effected, as the result of the fatal celluloid fire in the City. The City Corporation have given public notice of their intention to seek Parliamentary powers for the licensing and regulation of premises in which celluloid, xylonite, or any similar substance of an inflammable nature is manufactured or stored. There will be power of inspection, and penalties for breaches of the Act. There can be very little doubt that the Parliamentary powers the City Corporation are seeking will be granted.

* * *

Money Mongers and Our Wives.

A West End money monger is trying on a new dodge of a particularly objectionable and mischievous character. He is circularising married women with his specious offers of pecuniary advances, "within a few hours," and at "a low rate of interest," and all with the "strictest privacy."

Pestiferous touting of this kind invites the righteous vengeance of indignant husbands, and we hope it will receive it.

Intrepid Married Couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Clifton, who have just come back from a ten months' voyage through the practically unexplored islands to the West of Sumatra, tell some interesting stories. Many of the Batak tribe are reformed cannibals. One, a chief, now sports a uniform, and helps a Dutch official to administer justice. Another, one of a pair who were sent to prison for "head-hunting," fell in terror before a camera, and moaned out an expression of his fear that the instrument was about to inflict corporal punishment on him.

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Men Whose Personality is Uplifting:—No. 1: Sir W. Lever.

* * *

Approximate to the Farcical.

The Home Office and the War Office have been at loggerheads. Defaulting Territorials were the cause. Should imprisonment follow the non-payment of fines? The War Office upheld the affirmative view, the Home Office the negative. The Law Officers of the Crown intervened, and their opinion coinciding with that of the War Office, the Home Office have now intimated that they have no objection to the penalty of imprisonment.

Quite so. But why should there have been any objection at all? There is too great a tendency to regard membership of the Territorial forces as implying more or less a playing at soldiers. This arm of the service should be in a state of the highest possible efficiency, and any Territorial who fails to realise his duty, and thus helps to defeat that end, should be dealt with in an exemplary manner. Merely to fine him, and then, because he cannot or will not pay the fine, to proceed no further, is to approximate to the farcical.

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Smythe-Piggot and his "Glory."

"Sister Ruth," long the chief concubine of Smythe-Piggot at the Agapemone, no doubt hopes to go to glory when her time comes, but just now she is especially anxious that Glory should come to her. She alleges that the saintly father of her three children, Power, Life and Glory, discovering where she and they were in retreat, stole the lot from her a week or two ago, and drove off with them in a motor-car, afterwards restoring the two first-named.

She now demands the restoration of Glory, and won't be happy till she gets him—or is it a "her"?

THERE IS PLENTY OF SCOPE IN "FIRSTS AND LASTS."

HIRE PURCHASE VILLAINS.

"Modern Man" Agitates for Legislation.

It is a truism that the constructive faculty is as rare as the faculty of destruction is common. If mere destructive criticism could have ended the iniquities of the fraudulent Hire Purchase system of furnishing, they would have been ended long ago. It was left to *Modern Man* to construct a practical, feasible plan for the protection of the unwary and the unsuspicious, without let or hindrance to honest enterprise.

The Power of Repossession.

Let us briefly recapitulate our points, made after we had thrown the searchlight on to the nefarious practices of the villains of the trade in question.

We asked for the support of every honest member of the furniture trade in our demand for action against the thieves and rogues who, beyond any possibility of doubt, are methodically utilising it for the base purposes of calculated extortion and robbery.

What form should that action take? We repeat the gist of the simple remedy we formulated for the arrest of the worst development of the evil.

Let the power of repossession in the case of non-payment of any due (or overdue) instalment be no longer unconditional, but be made strictly and severely conditional.

Instead of the defaulter forfeiting, besides the furniture, all that he has paid on account of the furniture, let him be entitled to the return of what he has paid, less some such fair and reasonable deduction as, say, 25 per cent. of the whole amount with which he has parted to the hire-seller.

No agreement should be a valid instrument, holding good in court, that did not provide this safeguard for the hire-purchaser. No cumbrous Act would be required to make this condition a law—a few lines would suffice, the Pawnbrokers Act supplying a precedent as regards the principle involved.

We yield to the temptation of adding our concluding words: "Our proposal is simplicity itself—but it would effectually clip the claws and blunt the beak of the furniture vulture."

In Communication with M.P.'s.

We have now to say that we are in correspondence with several Members of Parliament, our hope and intention being to have the whole question raised in the House of Commons. We have brought the subject before the public, and mean to keep it before the public.

We shall not allow it to slink back into the comparative obscurity from which we have hauled it, nor be content until Parliament has taken the matter out of our hands.

* * *

Taking Advantage of a Spare Moment.

MAGISTRATES TO BLAME.

Absurd Sentences and Increased Crime.

There are magistrates and magistrates, just as there are horses and horses. Some are good and some are bad, and some are like the proverbial clerical egg—good in parts. Unfortunately, however, a very big percentage have a deplorable failing, which we purpose setting forth in this article.

There is a sociological fact which has endured since the beginning of time, and it will endure until the end—for it is eternal. Adequate punishment is absolutely vital to the suppression of ill-doing. Without this, offenders are simply encouraged to continue on their evil course. Just as a mother who chides her child with only a reproving shake of the finger and a "Oh, you naughty boy!" may safely expect a speedy repetition of his misdemeanour, so the magistrate who gives a procurer only four months—as a London magistrate recently did—will undoubtedly find that procurer arraigned again for the same crime as soon as may be after completing the sentence.

Wave of Weak-Knee Lenience.

Our contention, which we make uncompromisingly, is that a wave of weak-knee lenience seems to have surged over the majority of our magistrates—and we view this state of affairs with nothing short of dismay. For the sake of the law-abiding majority of the public, we trust that this will not continue. Indeed, we are determined that it shall not; for we shall take steps to prevent it, and to open magistrates' eyes to a due appreciation of the grave responsibilities of their public office.

We have referred briefly in a previous issue to two flagrant cases, one in which a man who was proved to have lived on the immoral earnings of his own fifteen-year-old daughter, was sentenced to no more than four months' hard labour, and another in which a German woman, who procured her two daughters—aged 17 and 16 respectively—and who had been doing so for two years, received only nine months. Is it not patent on the face of it that these two human ghouls will, on their release from a prison which is too good for them, immediately resume their unspeakable industry.

These are two cases in which the sentences should have been in years instead of months, and—at any rate in the case of the so-called man—there should have been a plentiful allowance of lashes with the "cat."

Chinaman s Deliberate Attack.

Here is another instance of a different kind—but not far short of the former in illustrativeness. A twenty-six-year-old Chinaman, who was proved to have assaulted and threatened with a pistol the superintendent of Chinese students at the Legation, was arraigned at Marylebone. It was stated that he presented a Mauser magazine pistol at the superintendent, and the click of the weapon's safety pin was audible before he was seized by the hall porter. The desperate and deliberate character of the attack is thus clear, and we are absolutely astounded at the tender treatment meted out to this Oriental fanatic by the magistrate.

The latter simply bound him over in £50 to keep the peace for twelve months, on his giving an undertaking to apologise, and not to go to the Legation again, nor molest the prosecutor in any way! The £50 is insignificant, for the offender could well afford it. The remainder simply amounts to the parental exhortation to naughty babies, "Say you are sorry, and that you won't do it again." The ineptitude of it is disgusting!

No Room for Old Women.

There is nothing now to prevent this wretched young Chinaman—not to mention the thousands of other Orientals in this country—from repeating outrages of this sort. The majority of them are well off; and if they are allowed to realise that a paltry fine will "fill the bill," it is not in the least unlikely that there may be a miniature massacre of Cawnpore in Great Britain at any moment.

This magisterial feebleness must stop—at once. Let our Benches realise that they are men with stern responsibilities, and not old women presiding over kindergartens. Let us have fewer jokes and more justly dramatic sentences. In a word, British magistrates must do their duty!

YOU CAN BEGIN OUR THRILLING MELODRAMA. "SIN," TO-DAY.

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS.

How does a certain impecunious retired officer of a crack line regiment obtain the necessary funds to keep up the luxurious flat that he occupies close to Berkeley Street?—and how did he acquire his remarkable dexterity at the "purse" and "three card tricks?

* * *

Is it not a fact that the Stewards of the Jockey Club are very dissatisfied with the fluctuating performances during this last flat-racing season of a horse that won an important evently recently? and is it not on the cards that a certain clever trainer-owner is likely to have a rather ticklish time next year?

* * *

Why is it that the wife of a well-known society stock-broker, who possesses (the wife not the husband) what would appear to be a very shapely neck, so persistently conceals it under high collars—even in the evening?

* * *

Who is the well-known journalist, dramatist, and wit, who was seen late last Monday night dancing a delicious wild "Apache dance" with a flighty damsel in a Bohemian haunt not a thousand miles from Maiden Lane, W.C.?

* * *

Of what well-known K.C. is it now beginning to be whispered that the days of his call to the Bar are not yet over—in fact, that he is called thither (with a small c) practically every night in the West End?

* * *

Why has the widow of a knight so suddenly discharged her pretty parlour-maid? And has it anything to do with the return of her seventeen-year-old hopeful from a big Public School, prior to going to Oxford?

* * *

What was the cause of the fluttering among the dove-cotes in the promenade at a West End music-hall the other night, when an over-dressed Yankee declared that he had been robbed?—and why did a burly attendant give him the hint—which he took—to get out quick, before he was thrown out?

* * *

What is this we hear of favouritism shown by a Board of Guardians for a local butcher who is related to one of the members of the board? And when are his wares going to be properly examined, in view of the very big difference in the quality of the meat he supplies to the poor inmates and to the officials of the Union in question?

* * *

Why has the youngest son of a Peer, who not long ago came down from the 'Varsity, gone abroad? And why is it understood, in well-informed circles, that he is not likely to come back?

* * *

We advise a certain rising young musical comedy actress to give up the habit of drinking large quantities of stout in her dressing-room; in view of her noticeably incapable condition on the stage the other night, when she "cracked" badly at a top-note which she has hitherto compassed with ease.

* * *

Why does a fairly famous temperance lecturer, with a good address in a Western suburb, so repeatedly call for letters—addressed to him under another name—at a little shop in Swallow Street, Piccadilly, where letters can be delivered at a penny a time?

* * *

How does it happen that the plots of two novels—new this season—are so very similar? And which of the two authors has reason to be grieved with the other? Or is it that a third thinks he has been unfairly treated by both of them?

* * *

Why does a certain Turf Commission agent so frequently call on a famous London divine? Is it because he wants to see the Reverend gentleman, or because the latter wants to see him?

* * *

Who is the short, slim, brown-haired girl who is now going round the saloon-bars of the West End in search of her erring husband? And is it a fact—as it is whispered by some who know her—that she has a very useful knife hidden in her muff?

* * *

We hardly envy the feelings of a millionaire, who was some time ago inveigled into an hotel of a certain type by "one of the girls," who seized the opportunity—for purposes of her own—of stealing all his clothes, with which she decamped, leaving him in a strange place.

* * *

Who was the well-dressed man running so violently down York Street, from Jermyn Street into St. James's Square, the other night? And what was the reason of his excitement, which must have been considerable? for he had lost his hat; and a heavy Astrakhan-collared coat is not usually associated with sprinting practice.

* * *

Why was a lady, seated in the stalls of a West End Theatre the other night, so visibly angry when the leading man ardently embraced the leading lady?

* * *

What has happened to the plaits of false-hair of different colours which were found in the premises recently occupied by a youth of seventeen, who is now serving a term of imprisonment?

* * *

Look out for divorce proceedings before long between a society man and his would-be literary wife, whom he suspects of philandering with her stenographer, an effeminate-looking youngster of about one-and-twenty.

* * *

The Constable: "Higher Up, Please."

Who is the Court dressmaker who has written to a lady client to say that if she does not pay her bill it may become known to her husband that the lady debtor has occasionally used the dressmaker's premises for the purpose of secret meetings with the cousin of a peer?

* * *

We are disgusted at the action of a youngster, the son of a City merchant, who "borrowed" a fairly large sum of money from the firm's safe recently, neglected to leave an acknowledgment, and allowed temporary suspicion to rest on the cashier.

* * *

It is high time that action was taken in the case of a Jew in a Western suburb, who is supposed to be a professional betting man, but who in reality rents about twenty-five furnished flats in different parts of London to women at exorbitant rentals.

* * *

How much did the motorist in the green car, attired in a long grey ulster and a fur cap, on the Brighton Road the other night, give to the police-trap to let him go unsummoned?

EVERYBODY IS PRAISING OUR SAFETY RAZOR SET.

WHY SO MUCH IMMORALITY?

Some Reflections on a Grave Subject.

Immorality is so rife among all classes of the community that no class, as a class, can claim exemption from the charge of licentiousness.

Every vice is the perversion of a virtue, and to this rule sexual vice is no exception. In the natural attraction of woman for man and man for woman there is no suspicion of wrong or sin. The name of the instinct that ensures the perpetuation of the race, when that instinct is controlled by circumspection and sanctified by mutual vows, is love; when its gratification is unregulated and promiscuous, its name is lust. In this plain-spoken definition of terms is the kernel of the essential difference between the two things.

Lust and Selfishness.

The root of lust lies deep in selfishness. The tree that grows in this rank soil is a deadly growth; the tempting fruit that hangs thick on its branches has poison at its core. It is the Upas tree of evil. Love—conjugal love—is the tree of good.

In asking why immorality is so rife in our midst, we assume the indisputable—it *is* rife. Into certain phases of the subject we have no intention of entering. There are first causes and contributory causes. For the former, human nature itself is responsible; in dealing with some of the latter, exclusively, we deal with causes that, in varying measure, are preventible causes; and we thus find ourselves at once on the ground of the practical.

To a very great extent indeed, the question we propound resolves into the more familiar one: "Why do not more people get married?"

Excessive Emigration.

Put in this form, the first impulse of reply is to point to the preponderance of females in our populations—many thousands of women, it is urged, must remain single because there are not enough men to go round. For this superfluity of one sex, nature is held to be at fault, but to blame her wholly or much is to fly in the face of facts.

Left alone, nature would regulate the ratio of marriageable males to marriageable females with considerably more equality. There are contributory causes with which she has nothing to do.

Wholesale emigration of young men is one of them. To its relation to the falling marriage and birth-rate we have repeatedly referred, and refer again in another column. The excessive emigration we deplore is attributable to specific and removable causes, not to the operation of any natural law. We ship off the lustiest of our youths—(to use a relative term)—and then complain of a scarcity of such youths. Keep more of our young men at home to marry our young women, and you will, at all events in some degree, check immorality—for we fully admit that a preponderance of one sex over the other is conducive to illicit intercourse. It always was and always will be. Our point is that we do much to upset the balance ourselves. It is to be borne in mind that in making it we are considering the conditions of life in our own country.

Low Wages and Matrimony.

Then again, we upset the balance of the sexes, numerically, by our practical prohibition of marriage to our soldiers, sailors and others in official service.

The low rate of wages in general is another bar to matrimony; and in this connection female competition in so many industries cannot be disregarded. On the contrary, it is a factor that counts for much. It has seriously helped to depress the average rate of pay, and now it operates to prevent it from rising. In more ways than one, and directly as well as indirectly, the accomplished intrusion of women into industrial spheres is provocative of immorality, especially in so far as it affects the matter of marriage.

Female Menaces to Morality.

There is a growing number of female cranks, mostly neurotics, who, in their craze for an "independent" life, deliberately eschew the idea of conjugal union. The worst of them write dirty books, and all of them think dirty thoughts. Every such woman is a menace to morality, for in nine cases out of ten women who abstain from marriage for their reasons sooner or later do the other thing.

THROUGH WINTER WOODS.

Wild Life in the "Dead" Season.

Even in winter, when the sun rises late and sets early, "there is a pleasure in the pathless woods." And it is a pleasure that is not of the too subtle kind that is as much an effect on the mind as on the senses.

There is actual sensuous pleasure in what from the road may appear the dreariest wood.

While the Gale Roars.

It may not be specially inviting from the hard side of the hedge. The trees may drip; stagnant, dark, dead-leaf-strewn pools may lie about the hollows; the rides and paths may be soft and muddy; and bare, sprawling brambles may stretch out their thorny, scraggy fingers to snatch at one's gaiters and jag one's boot-leather.

But this is only one aspect of the wood in winter. It has another side—many other sides indeed. It is a sheer bracing delight to walk below the great trees while a gale roars through them. The huge bare stems move to and fro with infinite dignity, under the onslaughts of the fiercest gusts, while above them the smaller branches and topmost twigs are swaying and swishing in a fury of excitement.

The gale, however, does not encourage one to stay in the wood. There is a decided element of danger from falling boughs, which may crash down at any moment. And indeed whole trees may come thundering to earth, tearing their way through the surrounding growth.

Wild life, too, has a dislike of rough windy weather, and has a way of disappearing to shelter until the winds have subsided, leaving the wood without sign of their existence.

Wonderful Sense of Light.

In quieter weather the wood is another place. Then there is infinite variety of life to watch; and all Nature's winter notes can be heard and appreciated. The change from thick foliage to bare branches gives a wonderful sense of light and openness to what was during summer a sheltered, green-walled enclosure in which armies of creatures might hide in safety.

All creatures that live in English woods are timid, and are for ever on the alert. How much of this is due to the visits of the armed game-keeper it would be difficult to say, but probably much of it. One cannot enter the wood without one's presence being detected by one bird or another, and the news being spread rapidly to all the other creatures.

Thus, the pigeons will clatter out of the firs, warning all things of danger by the loud flapping of their wings. The jay will scream and swear for all to hear, before flying off to an isolated tree to watch events. Rabbits scutter away in terror, spreading the news in all directions; and a cock pheasant will flurry off with an alarming crow and cackle.

Wily and Suspicious Creatures.

By the time you are a hundred yards within the woods you have been noted and watched by an immense number of wily and suspicious creatures.

If you are with a keeper and are anxious to take home a couple of rabbits, your task is very difficult indeed, for your only chance now will be to bowl them over as they get up from their squatting places, right under your feet in a heap of leaves and brambles, and bolt.

It is necessary to shoot very quickly and with perfect aim, or the little creatures will have put a safe defence between you and themselves. Sometimes a rabbit will shoot across the narrow ride, a few yards ahead, and give another chance. It is just a chance and no more, and it is a snap-shot.

Once or twice a year there is a horrible turmoil in the wood. This is when the great shoot is held, and from ten to twenty odd men from the countryside are put on as beaters.

Resounding with Crashes.

Armed with long sticks with which they hit about on the underwood, they pass slowly forward in an extended line, making the wood resound with crashes and loud cries. And the sudden fusillade along the far line where the guns are posted is eloquent of the terror that the beaters have caused among the rabbits and pheasants and pigeons.

But very quickly the wood regains its composure when the last man had passed, and thereafter only the occasional shot of the game-keeper disturbs its serenity.

£250 CAN BE WON FOR FOOTBALL SKILL.

PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

Enlarged Uses for County School Premises.

The Coroner for Battersea has delivered himself of a very untimely and ill-considered utterance. According to him, the victims of motor-car accidents have themselves to blame. Even when they get killed, if it isn't exactly their own fault it's all through their own ignorance. They don't know how to cross the road. Mr. Oddie goes out of his way to compliment the drivers of motor-cars. He says they drive very nicely and carefully indeed. We are far from saying that they all drive recklessly, but so many of them do that any such general praise, as we refer to, is quite undeserved and out of place.

Altogether "Out of It."

But our chief remonstrance remains to be expressed. It is one that is concerned with the children. Alluding to the toll exacted by vehicular traffic, in life and limb, with especial reference to street accidents to little ones, the Battersea Coroner lays it down that "the only way to prevent these accidents in future is for parents and teachers to instil into the minds of children the dangers of the streets, and to educate them in the art of crossing streets."

Mr. Oddie is a man of observation and experience, but this time he is "out of it" altogether. In view of the natural thoughtlessness, forgetfulness and impetuosity of children, and the nature of the dangers to which they are exposed in traversing our thoroughfares, it is vain to talk about "educating" them in the sense of his remark. Such general hints, "tips," and cautions as are practicable don't constitute an "education." In fact, where could he find qualified professors of the "art" of which he speaks?

From criticism of one suggestion we proceed to make a better.

Why are children so fond of being in the streets? Because the streets are their playgrounds, "after school." How comes that to be the case? Because their own playgrounds are closed to them, "after school."

An Iniquitously Restricted Use.

We ask for no favour. We simply assert a right. Council School playgrounds, like the buildings of which they are appurtenances, belong to the people. They are theirs in virtue of purchase. Their use is for the people's children.

At present this use is a restricted one—an absurdly and iniquitously restricted use. As a very clear-thinking correspondent pointed out in our columns last week, they are closed at four o'clock, or soon afterwards, every afternoon.

Every trumpery excuse that has ever been invented for this custom—such as consideration for the convenience of caretakers, the danger of a few more broken windows, and similar wriggling and piffling representations—our correspondent knocked on the head.

Our demand is that the playgrounds be kept open during all reasonable hours of daylight. It is to be remembered that shelter in wet weather is usually available, by the provision of covered sections. The instinct of play is the healthiest instinct of healthy childhood. Give it room, give it facilities, for the most free exercise. The playgrounds are as suitable for play as the streets are unsuitable. Keep our children off the latter, with their manifold and multiplying perils—turn them loose into the former, not for so many minutes in mid-tuition, but just whenever, other circumstances being fitting, they want to romp and run and shout and chase and gambol.

What Ratepayers Should Do.

The streets for drivers and pedestrians—the playgrounds for the children, all the time!

In some districts more playgrounds are wanted, and more playing-fields, and it is up to parents in all such places to see that they get them.

And it is up to all of us to knock out of official heads the official idea that Council School premises are the exclusive domain of the schoolmaster. Enlarge their uses all round. For entertainments, meetings, dances, club purposes—for any purpose in itself legitimate—ratepayers should insist on having the free run of their own property, after the teachers have done their work for the day. In particular—and as we, alone, have urged before—let them be thrown open to Scouts and Territorials. Where scholars learn and play, let citizen-soldiers drill and store their arms.

OVER THE ROPES.

Boxers and Their Prospects.

Jim Driscoll and Owen Moran, undoubtedly two of the finest featherweights in the world at the present time, will provide the tit-bit of the present season, when they enter the ring for their twenty rounds scrap at the National Sporting Club on the 27th of next month. The pair have been yapping at each other for the past three or four years, and as everything appears to be plain sailing, articles signed, purse agreed, date fixed, and cash deposited, we can only wait patiently for the treat in store.

* * *

Johnny Kilbane, the Featherweight "Champion" of the World, will have to flap a little harder than he usually does when he gets up against Eddie Morgan, our clever little Welsh bantam. Both have signed articles for a contest, but the date has yet to be fixed, the probability being some time in January.

* * *

Billy Papke will favour the patrons of the Oxford on Monday next with his fat smile, and also an exhibition of the noble art of scientific boxing *a la* Papke.

When Billy lets go some of those haymakers of his, the draught will almost blow the lights out.

Papke is now getting himself fit for his match with Bernard, which is fixed for Wednesday evening this week at the *Cirque de Paris*. Bernard has almost proved himself a second Carpentier, but whether he will hold his own with the Yankee on Wednesday remains to be seen.

* * *

Billy Wells' match with the Frenchman Pigot fell through, but he will not be idle during the next month or so, as on Friday evening next he is down to box twenty rounds with Grognet, the tough French heavyweight, but Billy can be trusted to deal satisfactorily with the toughest, as he has proved on previous occasions. On the same evening P.O. Curran will meet Pigot.

On December the 20th Wells will be opposing the winner of the Curran-Pigot slam. After getting through with this programme, Billy intends going after big game in the States, his premier ambition being the heavyweight championship of the world.

* * *

Hughie Mehegan, who could only win by a narrow margin from Jack Ward last Monday, will have to pull himself out a bit if he is to stand a chance with Freddie Welsh. But perhaps the wily Mehegan has something up his sleeve.

* * *

Our Hunting Note: "Gone Away."

DEVOTE TO-NIGHT TO FILLING IN COUPONS.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. XX.—THE WRONG MAN.

By
ADAM STERN,
Author of the well known Selby Series which appeared in "Modern Man."

A full-orbed moon floated serenely over London. Few regarded it, for the earth-worms in cities look seldom at the sky. But they who do have sudden unaccountable achings—for solitude, for spaciousness, for the indulgence in high romance.

Dunlop Kane, turning in to Hyde Park, this sparkling winter's night, felt that daily life was a dream and the world of longings reality. It is no uncommon sensation, to those who are susceptible, occurring chiefly at the two great festivities of the year, the season of Christmas, and the season of Spring.

He thought he had never seen Hyde Park so beautiful. The still stark trees were cavities in the silver dome; around flickered the tiny lights of men—from windows, from streets, making august the performance of God; silence stole over one; the Serpentine gleamed sleekly in the moonlight.

He walked and walked, conscious of loneliness, but desiring no companion, and presently he sat down on a seat and surrendered to formless thoughts. Lovers passed him, their voices and footsteps hushed. Their numbers grew less. They ceased altogether. He was alone in the enfolding stillness. Motor-horns from outside honked faintly and intermittently.

Presently he was disturbed by the pattering of feet, and, looking up, he saw a woman running swiftly towards him along the path. She was panting as she passed.

He caught a glimpse of wild frightened eyes, a white face, dark hair. A moment later a bend had hid her from sight.

He looked in the opposite direction in search of the cause of her alarm; but nothing was in sight; the past was empty.

Ere another minute had passed, he heard pattering feet again, and, turning his head quickly, saw that the woman had reappeared.

She halted within a few yards of him, openly and painfully hesitant.

Then, as though directed by impulse, she glided forth stealthily and dropped into the seat beside him.

He looked at her with curiosity. In his great-coat, with pipe alit, and a faint smile settling on his strong lips, he looked what he was, English and comfortable. She addressed him breathlessly.

"Sir—I pray you ——"

"Yes?" he said, and leisurely lifted his hat.

"I am frightened—protect me."

"I will certainly protect you if you are in any physical danger."

"Thank you! Oh, thank you!" She pulled at her hands distressfully; and did not seem to know what to say next.

He waited patiently. She was a slim and quite young woman, foreign-looking and well-dressed. Her eyes darted everywhere. Suddenly she glanced at him, and sidled a little nearer.

"I cannot tell you—but, oh, be kind. You do not know my trouble."

"What is the service that I can render you, madam?"

"Ah, you speak stiffly now. I have put you on your guard. But, believe me, indeed, I am only a very unhappy woman."

"It is often my agreeable duty to perform services for unhappy women."

"You are generous. Sir—I would tell you if I dared." She played with a button on his coat, and then furtively glanced over her shoulder. All at once she took a flower from her belt. There were roses there, and she pulled one through his button hole. "Will you wear it, sir, for me?" she whispered. "It is all I ask. It will do more for me than you know."

She clung to the lapels of his coat, and entreated him with her eyes. He smiled at her good-humouredly. Standing up she hurriedly kissed him and immediately darted away.

Kane sat looking after her, astonished.

"That's rather rum," he thought; and felt in his pockets to see that all his valuables were secure.

"Perhaps I've had a dream," he thought. But the rose, a deep-red one, was a tangible contradiction. He bent his head and smelt it.

He waited a little longer and then casually got to his feet and set off across the grass in the direction of the Princes Gate. The hour was getting late. Eleven boomed remindfully in the distance.

He met few people, but presently, passing beneath trees, he had a curious sensation that he was watched or being followed. He disregarded it, attributing it to fancy. But the sensation grew stronger.

He was passing along the Row at last, and a cloud swept up and obscured the moon. A queer and unaccountable impulse made Kane abruptly face round. His heart was racing, he was surprised to find that he was sweating. Something baleful and terrible was about to leap out of the dark—that was his feeling. And suddenly it came.

A figure rushed out of the gloom, and something gleamed; breath moaned through shut teeth.

Kane caught the thrusting wrist, and with a quick violent twist had the man at his mercy, staggering to the knees. He tore the knife out of his fingers with a spasm of ruthless savagery. If there is anything that will awake the primitive passions in man it is surely the being attacked with a ten-inch poniard with no prior intimation that the impoliteness is intended.

Kane glared down into his face for a minute, than, breathing deeply, pocketed the knife, and hauled the man to his feet.

"Let's have a look at you," he said. "And what, I should like to know, is your little game?"

The man did not answer. He stared at his capturer with unrepentant hatred in his coal-black eyes.

"You look like an Italian," pursued Kane. "Before I give you in charge, I should like to know what led you to make this unprovoked assault upon me?"

"I will kill you yet," said the prisoner, with a hiss.

"You'll do nothing so Mellvillian. You'll come along with me, and see what a prison cell will do in the way of cooling your ardour. Stand up straight now."

"I come," said the man quietly. "You may take your hands off me. I not run away."

There was something in his voice which gave Kane an uncomfortable stir.

"You're an unpleasant little customer," he said, with mental pictures, too, of the inconvenience of police-court preceedings. "Do you do this sort of thing as a hobby? Or is it that you you have made a mistake?"

"You take my Maria," said the man intensely. He slowly nodded his head. "I not forget."

Kane gave a relieved laugh. "Then it is a mistake," he said. "Because I neither know you nor know your Maria!"

"You kiss her but a little while ago."

"Jove!" breathed Kane, with eyes showing unmentionable speculations.

"She run away from me. I make up my mind what I do when I meet the man who steal her. To-night I met her accidentally. She know me, but pretend she not see. I follow her. She look often over her shoulder. The she come at last to you."

"Lord above!" thought Kane. "The damned Delilah!"

Aloud he said, after lightning deliberation:

"Now, listen to me, young man, what you've attempted to-night is sufficient in this civilised country to earn you five years. But I won't be vindictive. According to your lights you are no doubt justified in trying to give me my quietus. Now mark my words seriously. I do not love your Maria. I have never behaved to your Maria in any way different from the way I should treat my sister. I have never desired to see her, and I hope and pray I may never see her again! Do you believe me? I assure you of these things on the honour of an English gentleman."

The man looked long at him. His mouth began to tremble.

"On the honour of your mother?" he asked.

"On the honour of my mother," said Kane.

The man turned away, and suddenly he began violently to shake. He sobbed aloud, and with an arm over his eyes, ran swiftly back along the path he had come.

(*Another complete story next week.*)

HURRY UP WITH YOUR FIRSTS AND LASTS COUPONS.

BANNED IN IRELAND.

IRISH READER AND CATHOLIC PRIESTS' ACTION.

As will be seen from a letter, printed in extenso herewith, and addressed to us by a reader in Ireland, there is an attempt to boycott *Modern Man* at Ardee, Co. Louth. So far successful has this movement been that it is well-nigh impossible to obtain the paper in that locality. We are more than a little surprised that this should be so; and think that the case justifies us in analysing, as it were, in this article the *pros* and *cons* of the action of our proscribers. The letter is as follows:—

To the Editor of "Modern Man."

Dear Sir,—I regret to inform you that although a reader of your paper for the past four years, I cannot now obtain a copy from my newsagent, in this town.

There is a so-called Vigilant Society in this archdiocese of Armagh, formed mainly of R.C. clergymen, and they are determined as far as I can see, not only to stop the sale of immoral papers, but also to prevent, if possible, any English papers from being sold in their domain.

[illegible] and although my newsagent informed me, they were causing a great loss to him, by banning a number of publications which might have been left alone, he must perforce comply with their unjust demands or shut up shop.

[illegible] you to publish this letter, if it would not be trespassing too much on your goodness, as I myself and all my friends who read your paper are of the opinion that far from there being anything wrong in what you print, there has been, and will be a great [illegible] the excellent exposures and matter you have given to the public.

[illegible] of your weekly journal.

I enclose my name, but would kindly ask you not to publish same. You may, of course, give the name of the town, and, if you like, my initials. Wishing your paper all luck, as it undoubtedly deserves every support from an old reader.

M. J. H.

P.S.—I intend getting your paper every week, as usual, from [illegible]

We wish to make it clear that we entertain the highest admiration for the Irish Roman Catholic Church and its works. The writer—who is himself, as a matter of fact, an Irishman—has had much experience of the unfailing devotion of the priests and nuns to the poor and all others who need their assistance, whatever form it may take, material or spiritual.

It is, indeed, with this very high appreciation in our minds of the good Irish priests, that we are affected with intense surprise at an action on their part, which we are even now inclined to ascribe to lack of judgment rather than actual malice

Childish Policy.

Our innocent-minded "adversaries" cannot have read the paper. They have allowed themselves a fault of which they are not often guilty—they have condemned without a hearing. This, we assert without qualifying the statement, is at once a childish, inequitable, and undeniably harmful policy.

Modern Man is *not* an immoral paper—and if the Ardee priests would only condescend to glance at its pages, they would realise what a strong weapon we wield for the public good—and also the excellent and judicious effect with which we have always wielded it.

We need not go far back to recapitulate many of the good actions we have initiated. We have brought the stern attention of magistrates all over the United Kingdom to the evils of the exploitation of young and suffering children by beggars, we have roused the public to the grave dangers of Mormonism, we have rendered traffic-ridden streets safer to pedestrians by our attacks against "murderous motorists," and we have dealt a heavy blow to the iniquitous "Hire-Purchase System."

And in face of this, the Ardee priests would ban us!

Without Fear or Favour.

We are rather tired of asserting our determination not to shrink from the exposure of any sociological evil, however unpleasant. We on *Modern Man* are reformers. We intend to do good—and we will do it, without fear or favour.

Moreover, we stoutly assert that we possess as much right to continue our good campaigns as the priests of Ardee, or anywhere else, have to go about their own work.

£250 FOR CORRECT FOOTBALL RESULTS

Plenty of money is wanted during the Christmas season, and our Football Skill Competition will do it for you. Put your football knowledge to the test this week. Remember there is no entrance fee, and you can send in as many coupons as you like.

WHAT READERS HAVE TO DO.

On this page is given [illegible] the names of football clubs engaged in matches in the First, Second and Southern Leagues on Saturday, December 7th, and for the modest £250 you have to select a list in which the names of the clubs you consider will lose. Where you consider a draw [illegible] the names of both teams. In the event of no one [illegible] the correct results of the matches given below you will select the sum of £250. In the event of no one forwarding the whole of the correct results £25 will be forwarded to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of teams playing in sixteen matches next Saturday, December 7th. Cross out the names of the teams you predict will lose. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either name.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it [illegible] to MODERN MAN, No. 6 Football Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Friday December 6th. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct solutions of all the matches played, but if the whole of the sixteen matches are not played the £250 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct solutions, £25 will be awarded to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct result.

(6) In the event of a tie, or ties, in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

MODERN MAN FOOTBALL CONTEST.—No. 6.

Matches to be played on Saturday, December 7th. Cross out—in ink—the name of the team you forecast will *lose*. For a *draw* do not cross out either name.

DERBY COUNTY	v.	WOOLWICH.
EVERTON	v.	WEST BROMWICH.
MIDDLESBROUGH	v.	OLDHAM ATHLETIC.
SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY	v.	MANCHESTER CITY.
TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR	v.	CHELSEA.
BARNSLEY	v.	GLOSSOP.
BURY	v.	LINCOLN CITY.
FULHAM	v.	CLAPTON ORIENT.
HUDDERSFIELD	v.	BIRMINGHAM.
LEICESTER FOSSE	v.	PRESTON NORTH END.
WOLVERHAMPTON	v.	BURNLEY.
BRENTFORD	v.	COVENTRY CITY.
BRISTOL ROVERS	v.	WEST HAM.
NORWICH	v.	PLYMOUTH ARGYLE.
STOKE	v.	PORTSMOUTH.
GILLINGHAM	v.	CRYSTAL PALACE.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition, and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

YOU MAY SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

FOR NAMES OF PRIZE WINNERS SEE PAGE 1640.

TOTTENHAM'S WISDOM.

Prospects of a Better Time in Store.

It is pleasing to note that the directors of the 'Spurs have at last decided to yield to popular opinion and appoint a paid manager to look after the interests of the team; particularly so in view of the fact that they have recently given evidence of their ability to do something, and there is not the slightest doubt that now they are to have the advantage of competent handling they will soon be out of the rut into which they have fallen.

Chance against Chelsea.

When I mention the advantage of competent handling, I do not mean to cast any reflection on the gentlemen responsible for the destinies of the club; they have done their best under the circumstances, but I think it will be generally admitted they have been badly in need of an expert adviser for some time, and they are wise in their generation in having decided to employ one.

The announcement could not have come at a more opportune time, as all eyes will be centred on White Hart Lane on Saturday, when something in the nature of a local Derby will be provided in the meeting of the home team with Chelsea.

It will be a source of great satisfaction to the supporters of the 'Spurs to know that their team is from now onward to be given all the help possible to make headway, and I'll wager they show their appreciation in no unmistakable manner.

So far as the match is concerned, I do not suppose there will be much in it, but if anything the balance is slightly in favour of the homesters, in that they will be on their own ground. In most cases, I contend that this is not a very great advantage, as I have always held that if a team is good enough they can win anywhere, but in this instance I think it does represent some sort of advantage, and if they can play up to the same standard as when they beat Newcastle, I think the 'Spurs will just about pull through.

Other Teams' Prospects.

Another match of more than passing interest to Londoners is that between Fulham and Clapton Orient, at Swiss Cottage, and despite the great counter-attraction, a goodly crowd is certain to gather here.

Again, there is not much in it, though the visitors have the better record when it comes to reckoning up points.

Fulham have a record of their own, in that they have not yet been beaten at home this season, and they will most probably find it intact when the whistle finally blows, though I am not sure that they will credit themselves with both points.

To revert to the First Division, I think that Aston Villa should be equal to overcoming Bolton, and I cannot see any possibility of Woolwich getting anything out of their visit to Derby. West Bromwich may make a draw of it with Everton, as may the United of Manchester and Sheffield. Amongst the teams I consider almost good enough to win anywhere is Newcastle, and I shall be more than surprised if they do not get two points out of their visit to Notts County.

In the Second Division.

Coming back to the Second Divison, I pick as likely home winners Barnsley, Leeds City, and Wolverhampton. Huddersfield may not be equal to holding Birmingham, though a draw is the most probable outcome.

There is no more determined set of players in this League than the "Hammers," and whilst they will be all out to win, they will find the Rovers pretty tough nuts to crack, but will at least make a draw of it.

Crystal Palace are as near the top of the League as Gillingham are near the bottom, and on the run of the season's play should win, but the latter have a knack of upsetting what appears to be paper certainties, and may act up to it when they entertain the "Glaziers." Northampton should account for Merthyr Town, and what must be the surest thing of the day is a win for Queen's Park Rangers over Watford.

£250 Waiting to be Won.

Our Football Competition continues to make great strides, but the magnificent prize of £250 has yet to be won, and until one of our readers succeeds in capturing this amount we shall not feel entirely satisfied. Come along now, send in an extra effort or two this week, perhaps the one you had no intention of sending will do the trick.

MY NOTE BOOK.

CONGRATULATIONS FROM READERS.

A large number of congratulatory letters have reached me during the week. A new reader —"J.R." (Worcester)—expressed himself in this way: "Seeing the first instalment of your serial, "Sin," in a Sunday paper, I got a copy of *Modern Man* on Monday, and must say that I had no idea it was such an interesting journal. From now onwards you can reckon on my being a reader; and, being interested in football, I assure you I intend to have a go for the £250 which is waiting to be won. 'Firsts and Lasts' will also claim my attention. Several of my friends have also bought *Modern Man* this week, and, like myself, are very pleased with it."

"I am anxiously waiting for next Monday to come," says "V.K." (Swindon). "*Modern Man* gets more interesting every week, and the new serial is really great. Congratulations."

I thank all my old and new readers who have written me, and assure them, and thousands of other friends, that no effort will be spared to keep *Modern Man* "the best penny-worth on the market," as it has been termed many times by residents in all parts of the country.

* * *

CHIEF CONSTABLE AND 'WYRLEY GANG.'

Below is given a letter which I have received from the Chief Constable of Staffordshire:—

"I have received a copy of your issue of November 30th, in which it is stated (with reference to evidence which I gave in the case of Archibald Brownhill, convicted of writing libellous post-cards at Sutton Coldfield) that I was asked about the handwriting 'of the cards that formed the subject of the charge on which Brownhill was convicted' and that I replied that they were in the same handwriting as the cards received from the so-called 'Wyrley Gang.'

"That is entirely incorrect. I was not asked anything about the cards which formed the subject of the charge; I have never even seen any one of them. The two cards as to which I spoke were written while Brownhill was in custody, and therefore clearly could not have been written by him; and they were in a handwriting which has become familiar on letters and postcards of the most foolish and senseless description relating to all kinds of subjects and addressed to all sorts of persons commencing from October 1903, after the conviction of George Edalji to which you refer.

"I am sure I can rely on you to willingly correct the mis-statement. I do not think it is your fault that the effect of my evidence has been entirely misunderstood. And I do not think I ought to have been called to make a statement which, so far as I was able to see, had no bearing whatever on the matter before the jury."

* * *

"ONE-SIDED VIEW OF MATRIMONY."

"C.C.V.," writing from Maidenhead, states: "I read with great interest an article in your paper headed "A Comparison in Wives," but consider your lady correspondent takes a very one-sided view of matrimony.

"In the first place, a man must have a strong incentive to keep his shoulder to the wheel; and what more could he have than a wife and child dependent upon him.

"The majority of men, especially of the working classes, as soon as their wives start earning a decent wage, slip into the position of the drone, losing to a great extent their independence and necessary authority which man should have in the home.

"There are hundreds of ways in which a woman can please a man better than by offering to pay for the kitchen utensils. Being bright and chatty would be thought much more of."

* * *

SCHOOLMASTER AND THE CANE.

From Chatham, Kent, "S.A.T.," an elementary schoolmaster, writes:

"As regards corporal punishment, referred to in *Modern Man*, "unfortunately most people seem to think that a teacher is only too anxious to have a stick for use, whereas a teacher knows that a frequent use of his last resource stamps him as incompetent.

"By all means allow a teacher the use of corporal punishment, and the teachers themselves will see to it that they do not stamp themselves incompetent by a too frequent use. It would make for a better tone in many of our schools."

YOUR EDITOR.

AS EXPECTED, "SIN" HAS AROUSED TREMENDOUS INTEREST.

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 21; SIR EDGAR SPEYER.

As has been remarked, "What a city to exploit!" may well have been the comment of young Edgar Speyer when, fresh from Frankfurt University, he came to establish a branch of the Speyer house in London a quarter of a century ago.

At that time the world was in no hurry and the 'bus driver was splendid company. But laughter and leisure have been banished from the streets. We have passed, as "A.G.G." said in the "Daily News," into a breathless world, a world of wonderful mechanical contrivances that have quickened the tempo of life, and out of this evolution, as a sort of Napoleon, emerges the figure of that young stranger of 1887, no longer Herr Speyer, but the Rt. Honourable Sir Edgar Speyer, Bart, P.C., head of the financial house of Speyer Bros., patron of art and of music, and the munificent benefactor of King Edward's Hospital Fund.

It is he who is the chief figure in the London Traffic Combine—it is he who controls our goings and our comings, whose spirit pervades every tube and sits enthroned on every 'bus.

One of Sir Edgar's eulogists in the Press has said quite confidently that his ancestry has been traced back in Frankfurt "generation by generation" to the sixteenth century, and seems to suggest that after that there is nothing more to be said. He is certainly more fortunate than Sydney Smith, who said that he only succeeded in tracing his ancestors back to his great-grandfather, "who disappeared somewhere about the time of the Assizes."

But Sydney Smith had no need to explain himself. He could afford to speak disrespectfully of his ancestors. Some of us need respectable ancestors to make ourselves respected.

ORDER YOUR "MODERN MAN" EARLY AND AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.

The Modern Woman's Realm.

"Do not search for a genuinely clever woman. It is not wise to look for trouble."

This is a piece of advice from Lady Sybil Grant's book, "Samphire." The daughter of Lord Rosebery has evidently her father's knack of making epigrams. But is the advice good?

There are a number of men about nowadays who seem under the delusion that a woman has just so much ability, no more and no less, and that if this manifests itself in one direction it is probably lacking in some other important point. The smart witty girl of the party is liked "for a lark," but when it comes to choosing a wife a man is apt to say "I want someone who is clever at cooking and who gets value for money."

The logic of all this is, "I will marry a simple little girl, for she is sure to be a domestic treasure."

What folly! The dunce is generally a dunce all round. The interesting companion makes the clever housewife. Lady Sybil Grant's epigram has something in it, but its reverse is even more terrifying. "Do not search for a genuinely stupid woman. It is early days to wish yourself dead."

* * *

"Pocket-Money Workers."

A correspondent writes protesting against "pocket-money women workers." She calls attention to the fact that there are now large numbers of girls competing in the labour market, not for an income to maintain themselves, but for a little extra spending money.

"The girl who sits next to me in the office," she writes, "is the daughter of a doctor with a large practice. She has a dress allowance in addition to what she earns here. She gets less than I do, and the fact was mentioned to me when my request for a rise was refused a month ago. Two other girls in this office pay nothing at home. I have to help maintain my paralysed father and keep our little home together. It isn't fair."

It does seem hard lines, put in that way, but it is to be doubted whether the girl who has no need to work is generally a "black-leg." Very often her very independence makes her have a good effect upon the price of wages. She is able to hold out for a higher wage than her poorer sister must accept. Of course, she overcrowds the market. But who can blame a girl for wanting to have an occupation and interest in life, and going—(whisper it, please)—where she can meet men.

* * *

Slighted Fido.

"A Woman's War."

That is what someone recently called the Balkan struggle. The phrase bears examination. The whole history of Turkish rule in Europe has been a record of cruelty and dishonour to women. During all the fighting there has been a kind of fury on the part of the Allies that speaks of nothing so eloquently as of outraged womanhood. It is just history repeating itself. The "droit de seigneur" was the real reason of the French revolution.

Strangely enough, at this time some eager ladies are rushing into print on the advantages that Turkish women possess. A glamour is thrown over the happy life of these beings that almost glorifies the harem. We are told that a Turkish lady is freed from all cares, that she is protected, that she can nag her husband, that she rides while he walks, and that she idles while he toils.

Really, the way these ladies write, one wonders they don't enrol themselves as "haremites" and take the Turkish veil. Yet there may be a reason. Even a Turk may discriminate!

* * *

Queen Alexandra's Birthday.

DECEMBER 1st.

December's dawning brings the birthday of our Mother-Queen.
The chilly frost-beladen breeze may blow,
And greyness be around us, and the winter-signs be seen,
With prospect of a coming fall of snow.

But hence with gloom and sadness! Let our hearts be glad and gay.
"God bless Queen Alexandra!" be our cry.
The sun may not be shining with the brilliance born of May,
But we can cheerful be, 'neath wintry sky.

November now has left us, and the Christmas month is here,
And frost we may expect on Nature's scene;
Let songs of joy and gladness rise from ev'ry clime and sphere
On this the birthday of our Mother-Queen.

No truer-hearted woman breathes, the whole earth round, than she,
Who cheers the poor, the sad, and those in pain.
Still many glad returnings of her birthday may she see.
"God bless Queen Alexandra" once again!

C. G.

* * *

New Butterfly Industry.

Butterfly farming is the latest profitable industry invented by a woman.

Miss McGlashan, of Truckee, California, has found a way of sending butterflies in little three-cornered envelopes by the dozen to fashionable dinner parties, where they are liberated during the serving of the dinner and flutter among the table decorations.

The great charm about the new industry is that it only calls for deftness of touch. No scientific knowledge is needed, and Miss McGlashan admits that she does not know one kind of butterfly from another. Nor is any capital wanted.

She took it up last July instead of going in for school teaching, and earned £15 the first week. The butterflies were attracted by a syrup spread on the leaves and twigs of trees. They were caught in glass jars or with a butterfly net, and the first "harvest" resulted in a catch of 1,500.

Since then Miss McGlashan has developed the idea, and she now collects larvæ and breeds her own butterflies and moths. She employs five assistants, and after a little study proposes to offer to supply museums and schools with mounted specimens of every kind of butterfly and moth.

TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT OUR GREAT NEW SERIAL.

THEATRE NOTES & NOTIONS.

What's On in Stageland.

A contemporary suggests that we christen Mr. Granville Barker "The English Reinhardt." Now, although we ourselves have had many hard things to say of G.B., surely this must be the unkindest cut of all!

Upon my word, I believe that, even if he had had the fatal misfortune to have been born Graunfiel Barchker, his nationality would probably not have been sufficient to smother his splendid artistic instinct. Thus he never would have given us plays in which pyjama'd idiots and night-gowned brides chase each other through thirteen weary episodes and have expected this sort of thing to elevate and amuse us!

* * *

Here's news! I am authorised to announce that Mr. Melville Gideon, the ragtime expert, has been engaged for the unusually extended period of three years to produce revues (or should it be reveux?) at the Gaiety.

Of all temples of entertainment in this, our village, I should have adjudged this sacred home of musical comedy to be one of the least likely to house a revue.

* * *

Mr. Bourchier and Mr. Chas. Hawtrey are reproducing "Where the Rainbow Ends" this Christmas at the Garrick. You may remember that it was staged at the Savoy last year, when, with the exception of a few over-pointed political allusions, it was a great success, and provided a personal triumph for Miss Mavis Yorke, who will again appear in the cast.

* * *

The death of Sir Edward Moss has removed the very first of the pioneers of the modern music-hall to eliminate the esoteric element from the variety stage.

Thus it is—I am firmly convinced—that having received the honour of knighthood at the hands of his late Majesty in 1905, he himself became the first and most important cause of the merging of legitimate and variety interests, which bears such astoundingly successful and desirable fruit to-day. He passes—a benefactor of whom men may say naught but good; we are not overburdened of such.

W. R. CHILTON REECE.

* * *

"That soup's full of flies!" "Vot did you expect for von and zix, Humming Birds?"

FIRSTS & LASTS

Our Fascinating Winter Evening Pastime.

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" is our latest Grand Competition for the amusement and substantial profit of our thousands of Readers. Whatever amount is received, be it

£200

or more, the whole will be distributed among the competitors sending in what are adjudicated by a competent staff to be the best "Firsts and Lasts." Here Readers have the opportunity of providing themselves with magnificent prizes. So begin now and go on building; the bigger the better.

How to make Firsts and Lasts.

Here is an example of what is meant by "Firsts and Lasts." If you examine the two words Trick Cyclis s, you will find the first and last letters are "T" and "S" so that your "Firsts and Lasts" might be Turn Somersaults.

"Firsts and Lasts" must be written on coupons taken from this co umn, and each coupon must be accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence.

These should be made payable to "Modern Man" and crossed "and Co." Do not send cheques.

You may send in two "Firsts and Lasts" on each coupon for Sixpence.

If any question arises as to the awards, or any other matter relating to the competition, the same must be decided by the Editor, whose decision is final, and readers are only allowed to enter on this understanding.

Competitors may send in as many "Firsts and Lasts" as they like, but every double attempt must be written in ink on the coupons provided and accompanied by a Postal Order for Sixpence.

In sending more than one coupon a Postal Order for the amount covering the number dispatched will do.

Postal Orders only should be sent.

This week "Firsts and Lasts" may be constructed from the following examples:—

LUCKY DOGS	CURIOUS CUSTOMS.	FALLEN STARS
PAID POLITICIANS	LOVERS' LANE	REVOLVER MANIA
GROCERS' LICENSES	SEASIDE MYSTERIES	EYESIGHT DANGERS
WEDDING WISDOM	HUMAN CREDULITY	SAUCY GIRLS

"Firsts and Lasts" Coupon No. 4, closes December 10.

WORDS SELECTED.	"FIRSTS AND LASTS."
Name	Name and Address of Newsagent
Address	
No. Postal Order	

If you use one coupon send Sixpence, If you use both of these coupons send One Shilling

WORDS SELECTED.	"FIRSTS AND LASTS."
Name	Name and Address of Newsagent.
Address	
No. Postal Order	

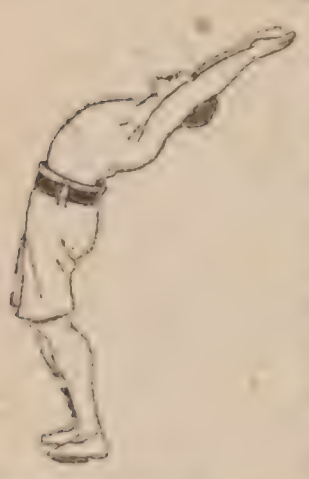
Send in by Tuesday, 10th December.' But don't wait till the Closing Day. Whenever received, every Coupon will be judged solely on its merits, but Competitors are requested to send their attempts as early as possible to facilitate the work of adjudicating. Please mark envelopes "Firsts and Lasts," "Modern Man" Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and write "Competition" No. 4 in the top left-hand corner of the envelopes.

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR NEWSAGENTS.—In order to encourage newsagents, booksellers, etc., who sell "Modern Man" to take an interest in our "Firsts and Lasts" Competition, we invite readers to fill in space allowed the name and address of the Newsagent or other person from whom he or she purchased "Modern Man," so that special prizes may be awarded.

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" MERIT THE ATTENTION OF ALL.

RAPID PHYSICAL CULTURE.

By Our Expert.



BODY EXERCISE.

The exercise I give this week will impose a considerable strain on the muscles of the abdomen and back, but at the same time will prove an admirable developer for the whole trunk.

It is best practised at first with the hands on the hips, until the requisite balance and suppleness are acquired. Stand erect with the heels together and the hands resting lightly on the hips, thumbs to the rear.

Now bend backwards as shown in the sketch, keeping the legs together and unbent at the knee. The flexion should come entirely from the waist, the legs being inclined forward so as to maintain the balance. Having practised the movement in this position several times, place the open hands at the back of the head, and repeat the same movements.

Finally, extend the arms above the head, linking the thumbs together and keeping the palms in front. Bend backwards in the same way, keeping the arms always in a straight line with the body.

Chilblains.

More than one correspondent has already written to me asking how to treat the troublesome winter complaint of chilblains.

Here, as in everything else, prevention is better than cure.

The simplest way of preventing chilblains is thoroughly to massage the feet, and more especially the toes, night and morning, with a pair of horse-hair flesh-gloves to be procured from any chemist.

Alternatively, or in addition to friction, wear a square piece of wash-leather over the toes, lamb's wool stockings and good well-fitting boots.

A person who is subject to chilblains should never warm his feet before the fire, or bathe them in hot water.

Soap liniment or compound camphor liniment well rubbed in every night are good preventives. Skipping and hopping exercise on rising and going to bed will also help to keep the irritating foe away.

Some Good Remedies.

Once chilblains have formed, preventive treatment on the above lines should be continued, but an ointment or lotion of some kind is needed. Soap liniment or compound camphor liniment are both good remedies, but probably the greatest and most immediate relief will be obtained by painting the chilblains with tincture of iodine.

In the case of a broken chilblain, it should be covered with lint spread with a mixture of equal parts of zinc ointment and red oxide of mercury ointment.

This should be applied night and morning.

Stitch.

A correspondent complains of suffering from "stitch." This attacks him when he attempts to run two hundreds or more at a stretch, although he can take part in a game of Rugby football without inconvenience. "Stitch" is due to cramp of some of the piaphragnatic or intercestal (between the ribs) muscular fibres.

This cramp is generally caused by want of condition, running on a full stomach, breathing through the mouth when running, or just to fatigue.

I have never had a "stitch" since I was a boy out paper-chasing. So far as I remember one used to stop it by holding one's breath, but I should be glad to hear from running readers on this point.

CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU.

L. R. D. (Forest Gate).—Write to Hugo's Language Institute, 32, Gracechurch Street, E.C.

"TOM" (Leeds).—The article to which you refer appeared in No. 209.

E. L. (Plymouth).—Do not tamper with your banjo. It is worth your while to pay for an expert's skill in such a matter.

W. R. P. (Glasgow).—You can easily put two or three inches on your present height, and even more if you take a full course of Professor Prowse's "exercises."

"FIRSTS AND LASTS" PRIZE WINNERS.

This week we have great pleasure in announcing the names of the first batch of prize-winners in connection with our fascinating winter evening pastime, "Firsts and Lasts."

The first prize of £5 goes to—

A. H. HORNSEY, 64, Sefton Avenue, Crewe.

The winning "First and Last" is:—

MOTOR FIENDS: MANGLING SPECIALISTS.

W. B. SPRY, Halwell, Beaworthy, Devon, takes the second prize, with

MORMON PERIL: MAIDEN'S LURE.

Ten prizes of 5s. each are awarded to—

ARTHUR MATTHEW, 68, Littledale Street, Rochdale, Lancs.
FRED. C. HALES, 19, Hansay Street, Bethnal Green, London.
C. WHITTAKER, 19, York Road, West Hartlepool.
ERNEST R. NEELS, 110, Brightwell Avenue, Westcliffe-on-Sea, Essex.
ERNEST J. HAWKINS, High Street, Hungerford, Berks.
J. SUCKLING, High Spen, Rowland's Gill.
K. R. GRAMSHAW, Lascelles Hall, Huddersfield.
FRED. WALKER, 43, Victoria Road, Darlington.
EDMUND B. CHILDS, 23, Summerhill Road, Kingstown, Dublin.
FRANK AIREY, 41, Bamford Road, Didsbury, Manchester.

The Newsagent's Prize:—

Mr. Hornsey purchased his *Modern Man* from Wyman's Bookstall, Crewe Station. If the clerk supplying same will communicate with us a cheque will be sent to him.

HEIGHT INCREASED

Increase your height and increase your business value. Don't be small and insignificant, but tall and commanding. Professor Prowse can put from **two to three inches** on to your **height**, and add proportionately to your **breadth** of **shoulder**, **general health** and **business personality.** Write, enclosing two penny stamps for particulars of my simple system, **involving no special appliances, no deviation from ordinary habit, and no drugs.** PROFESSOR PROWSE, 3, North End Chambers, Croydon.

POSSESS A STRONG FACE.

"The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture" (Entered at Stationers Hall) explicitly teaches how to develop your Will-Power to double its present strength in a few months. Your mouth and jaw become firmer and stronger, your eyes keener and more lustrous, and your gaze truly magnetic. Your whole face and bearing denote increased Strength of Personality. **You will rise in the estimation of the men and women with whom you come in daily contact.** The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only **2s. 6d.** (abroad 6d. extra). This is your total expenditure. The Course is sent in plain, sealed package. Enrol to-day. Next week will see you delighted with your progress. **THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE, (Dept. M.), PERTH, N.B.**

P.S.—The Editor and the Physical Culture-Expert of "Mdern Man," recommend "The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture."

HEIGHT INCREASED.

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months, by means of my special exercises. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet. Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN

(Specialist in the Increase of Height),
Dept. M 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.

When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Man."

FOR THE WINNER OF OUR FOOTBALL MONEY SEE PAGE 1635.

YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.

The Most Thrilling Melodrama ever written.

"SIN"

(The Wages of Sin is Death.)

By

MARIE CONNOR LEIGHTON,

Author of "Hush Money," "Convict 99," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS TO OPENING CHAPTERS.

In the drawing-room of Parktown House, a handsome residence in Fitz-John's Avenue, Hampstead, JASMINE FLOYD, richly gowned and wearing magnificent pearls, is so lost in her own feelings at the receipt of a scribbled note, which has drawn from her the cry, "What a shameful lie! Oh, how dare they!" that she did not hear the approach of a tall stout man, with a large coarse face, lit by little cunning eyes, and crowned with a sparse thatch of straw-coloured hair. In answer to Jasmine CARL STUTTERMANN informs her there is no need for him to be introduced to her father's house, and, following this up with a question, learns that after dinner MRS. FLOYD had gone to her room with a headache, whilst MR. FLOYD had gone to his study to do some writing, which accounted for Jasmine being alone.

Jasmine shows Stuttermann the anonymous letter, which tells her that her father, rich WELLINGTON FLOYD, "something in the City" and a Church-warden, is the biggest receiver of stolen goods in the Metropolis. Stuttermann says it is quite true, and laughing the laugh of a bully and a brute, informs her that if she fails to lunch with him at his house in Chelsea on the following day, Mr. Wellington Floyd, otherwise Troop, who even at that moment was conducting his nefarious business at a villa in Regent's Park, should be in the hands of the police within an hour.

HARRY EARLE effects a dramatic escape from Portmill prison, where he is undergoing a sentence of ten years' penal servitude, in order to try to track down his destroyers, and to tell Jasmine of his love for her, which is reciprocated. Hearing of her promise to Stuttermann to lunch with him, Earle, without being told the reason for the promise, implores Jasmine not to go, but the conversation is interrupted, the convict being forced to leave the drawing room hurriedly.

Jasmine sets out in a dense fog to travel to Chelsea by a tube train which is wrecked in a collision, and among the slightly injured passengers is a girl, named MARY GLOVER, so much like Jasmine, that later, in order to secure money to obtain letters belonging to her from a man who had threatened to show them to her lover, to whom she was being married in a week, she consents to change clothes and impersonate Jasmine at the luncheon.

This left Jasmine free to investigate the allegations against her father. Using the key which Stuttermann lent her on condition that she promised to lunch with him, Jasmine gained admission to the villa in Regent's Park. While secreted behind a cabinet, she hears her father, who is disguised, negotiating with a stranger for the purchase of the stolen Great Sunstone diamond, and later she is amazed to see Harry Earle in the room and to hear him address her father: "You scoundrel, you know me, don't you. I am Harry Earle, whom you—"

But he got no farther, for at that very moment police officers rush into the room and there is a wild stampede in darkness, Wellington Floyd having switched off the lights after firing a revolver.

Bewildered, Jasmine, upon escaping from the house, determines to go to Stuttermann's house to fetch Mary Glover, and upon arrival is more bewildered by the sight which presents itself to her in the dining-room.

CHAPTER III.

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

No answer came to that cry. And drops of cold perspiration started out on Jasmine Floyd's white forehead, as the feeling came to her that she was alone in this house.

Alone—except for the presence here in the room, the sight of which had made her stumble backwards and had drawn from her whitening lips that sharp call for human aid to which there had been no response.

It was clear that no human aid was coming to her. The house was small, although luxurious and expensive, and she knew that her cry could easily have been heard in even the most distant of its rooms if there had been anyone to hear. She must face alone the terrible thing which had to be faced.

And, with a tremendous effort, she turned her eyes again towards the luncheon table and the figure sitting at it.

If she had not known better, she could have sworn that that figure was herself. It sat almost upright in its chair at the table and its outline, its clothes and hat and the contour of its white, still face were her own. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of the people who knew her would have sworn that it was she who sat there. But she herself knew that it was Mary Glover, and that Mary Glover was dead.

But—ah! No, No! She could not be dead. It was impossible! She must be only sleeping, after all. Perhaps Carl Stuttermann had for some purpose of his own administered a drug to her.

Hoping against hope, trying hard to beat the sickening truth away from her, Jasmine Floyd forced herself to go forward to the table, and to the form that sat at it. Great heaven! This girl whom she had sent here in her stead was more like herself now than she had been when first they had exchanged clothes. She could hardly shake off the idea that it was herself that she was approaching. She had to keep on telling herself that it was Mary Glover. . .

Drugged? No! She was not drugged. She was dead.

A new and deeper horror darkened the blue eyes of Jasmine Floyd. For a few seconds she stood rigidly still as if she were turned to ice, looking at the girl whose white cold face was now so terrible to see under the handsome plumed hat. She felt paralysed with consternation as well as with horror and grief. And then suddenly an anguish of pity shook her. She flung herself on her knees by the dead girl and cried out to her as if she could hear:

"Oh, poor Mary! Poor Mary! It is I who have brought you to this. . . But I never dreamed that there was danger for you. God knows, I never thought there would be any danger! And now—and now—you are gone, and it will not matter about those letters you wanted to buy back. And you will never know the crowning of your love that was to have come so soon. He has murdered you—Carl Stuttermann has murdered you—but he shall pay for his crime. You shall not be unavenged."

A clock struck somewhere in the house and recalled her to the need for action. White as paper and trembling violently through all her body, she turned and looked about for some sign of a crime having been committed.

But there was none. Just as there was nothing about the dead girl herself to point to her death having been other than natural, so that there was no spot of blood, no weapon, no trace of a struggle—nothing whatever of any kind that told of evil work.

And yet Jasmine Floyd never doubted for a moment that she stood in the presence of a crime.

Moving by sheer strength of will, she went out of the room and made her way desperately to every part of the small house in turn telling herself that perhaps there might be a servant sleeping somewhere whom her cry had failed to waken. But there was no one, although in nearly all the rooms the electric sprays were turned on.

Remembering then that the food on the luncheon table was all cold—cold chickens, ham, meat jellies and cold puddings—she told herself that to a certainty there had been no servants in the house at all during the whole time of Mary Glover's presence as Stuttermann's guest.

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No doubt it was Stuttermann himself who had let her into the house when she had arrived to keep the luncheon appointment. Whoever it was had opened the front door while standing behind it, and so had not been visible to anybody watching from outside.

"I see how it was," she found herself panting the words aloud, while a shudder of horror ran through her. "Having betrayed my father to me in order to humble me, he was afraid and determined to silence me by taking my life if I refused to marry him. And because I told Mary Glover to do what I should have done and resist him to the utmost if he spoke to her of love or dared to touch her, she has had to die. . . And her poor mother and her lover! How can they ever know? How can I ever tell them?"

And now—what should she do? Should she look for a telephone, and if she found one, send a message to the police?

But surely, before doing this, she must change clothes again with the dead girl, so that Mary Glover might be undoubtedly Mary Glover, and she herself undoubtedly Jasmine Floyd. If she did not do this, there would be questions asked which she could not answer without betraying her unhappy father. And yet—how could she bring herself to touch that lifeless form of the girl whom she herself had all unknowingly sent here to meet her doom?

She was trying to find courage to re-cross the threshold of the dining-room and see again that terrible image of herself sitting pallid and lifeless at the table, when she heard a latch-key turn in the lock of the front door.

Carl Stuttermann coming back!

It could not be anyone else, for no one else would have a latch-key to this door. . . And instantly she knew, although she could not have told why, that it was better that he should not see her.

Rushing across the room to where there was a door covered by a heavy curtain, she opened the door and found that it led into a cupboard. Standing here in the darkness, she waited, holding the door an inch or two ajar, in such a way that the heavy folds of the curtain would hide the opening from any eyes in the room beyond; and, waiting here, she saw Stuttermann come into that horror-shadowed room, followed by another man who was a stranger to her, but who looked grave and kindly.

"You can imagine what I went through doctor," the big unhealthy-looking fair man was saying, with the German grunt which Jasmine hated so much. "She was eating sweets and laughing one minute, and was dead the next. I haven't touched her. I've left her sitting there in the chair just as she was when she died. But the shock of it—the awful shock of it! I can't get over it yet. I feel dazed. I hardly know what I am doing. I assure you, doctor, it is as much as I can do to come back into this room. And when I think she was alone with me when she died, and that I was running an awful risk ——."

"My dear Mr Stuttermann, don't think of it. You really must calm yourself, although I will admit that the circumstances are terrible and distressing in the extreme. Will you help me to lift the poor girl out of her chair and carry her to that couch over there?"

From her hiding-place behind the cupboard door, screened by the folds of the heavy curtains, Jasmine Floyd saw through the fog haze which penetrated even into the room, that the two men lifted Mary Glover out of the chair in which her lifeless form had been sitting upright. They laid her down upon the sofa, which the doctor had pointed out, and then the medical man, having flung aside the beautiful plumed hat and opened the bodice of her dress, began to make his examination.

"Why, she has been dead for some little time!" he said, after a moment or two. "And from what you tell me, taken together with what I see for myself, I have no hesitation whatever in stating that death was due to sudden heart failure. It is very sad, seeing that she is so young. Poor girl! Poor girl! But you need not distress yourself any more with the idea that if I or some other doctor had been on the spot at the time when she was taken ill she might have been saved. I am afraid nothing could have averted the fatal end. As for there being any need for an inquest, as you feared just now, that is nonsense. I am quite ready to certify that the cause of death was natural. You say her name is Floyd?"

"Yes. She is the daughter of Mr. Wellington Floyd, of Parktown House, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead."

"I think I have heard of him. An important City man, isn't he? Well, he ought, of course, to be communicated with at once. The poor dead girl ought to be taken to her home."

"That's all very well, doctor, but how is one to get right across London in this fog? And I'm afraid to telephone lest my friend Wellington Floyd should not be at home, and his wife should happen to be at the other end of the wire. Mrs. Floyd is a very delicate woman, and the news of what has happened to her only child might kill her if it reaches her too suddenly. . . And you see, it's a bit awkward because the girl was here unknown to her parents. If only the fog would lift so that I could go to them myself, and break the dreadful news!"

"It's certainly the densest fog that I've known since I first came to London," the doctor said. He went to the window and tried to look out, but the glass of the panes might have been black for anything he could see. "There's not even a glimmer of a lamp visible. A friend of mine, a Dr. Williams, who lives at the end of the street, has just had a call to a house in Regent's Park, where it seems there's been murder done, but he hasn't the least idea how he's going to get there."

"Ah!" said Stuttermann quickly.

He did not say any more, but Jasmine Floyd in her hiding place knew that he must guess that that house in Regent's Park, where murder had been done, was Mr. Troop's—otherwise her father's. And a deadly soul-sickness came over her, for she knew that the man whom her father had struck down had not got up again.

Her father had taken a human life! And she, who had been seen in that house by at least one policeman, would be searched for all over London to give evidence against him. If she were caught she would have to swear upon oath to things that would break her mother's heart, even if they did not put the rope about her father's neck.

Ah! She saw a way out. Once or twice since the doctor had come into the room she had been on the point of springing out from her hiding-place, and crying to them that she was Jasmine Floyd and that the dead girl was merely a stranger who had taken her place as a luncheon guest in this house to-day. . . Now she thanked Heaven that she had not done this. For she saw that the only way to save her father from the fate that he deserved and her mother and herself from anguish unspeakable was to let herself die to the world.

"Jasmine Floyd shall go down to her grave in the place of Mary Glover," she told herself under her breath. "Then there will be no risk of the police finding out through me that Troop, the "Wanted" criminal is one and the same man with Mr. Wellington Floyd, of Fitzjohn's Avenue. . . As for myself, I shall hide away somewhere, and no one but Harry Earle shall know the truth. If only I can get to Harry to tell him! If only I may see him again before he is re-arrested! At least I can bless the fog for this, that it gives him a better chance."

Her darling Harry! It would not matter to him if he knew whether she lived in luxury as Jasmine Floyd or hid away in poverty under some name that was not hers, so that only she lived and loved him and would wait for him.

And how could she have gone back to live under her father's roof again now that she knew that father for what he was, and knew from what source the money came that kept his home in so flourishing a condition.

So, in these agonising moments, she kept back behind the door of the dark cupboard and let Carl Stuttermann and the doctor believe that they were alone in the room with the dead girl who lay on the couch.

"I think you had better try telephoning to Mr. Floyd," said the doctor.

"No," came Stuttermann's grunt in reply. "He's not likely to be at home just now, and I don't want to frighten Mrs. Floyd. I think I'll wait a bit and see if the fog lifts. . ."

"Then I'll send a nurse in to sit with the body. The family might like it, and I've got a very nice woman in my house at the present moment. She can't very well lose herself coming three doors along."

Jasmine had just had time to gather from this that the doctor lived very near, when an almost fierce knocking at the front door made her start violently. Peering out, she saw that Stuttermann's flabby face was turning whiter and sicklier.

"I can answer the knocking on my way out," said the doctor. And he went out of the room.

In the next moment he came back, following the tall, stalwart figure of a young and handsome man who wore a long, shabby overcoat, and whose strong-featured face was lit by resolute and desperate dark eyes, while his dark hair was cut close in a prison crop.

"It's Harry!" Jasmine Floyd said in her throat, as she watched from behind the door curtain.

She had to clench her hands to keep herself from running out to meet him. She saw him go up to Stuttermann and heard him speak to him.

"I have come to know Carl Stuttermann, if Jasmine Floyd kept her appointment to lunch with you here to-day?"

And then, before the big, flabby and yet brutal-looking man could give him any answer, Jasmine, peering out, saw him glance round and see the still form on the sofa. He leapt across the room to it and knelt down by its side with a sound that was like a fierce moan.

"She is here! She is here! And she is dead. You have killed her!"

He sprang back again to Stuttermann and caught him by the throat.

"You scoundrel! You got her to come to you, and you have killed her. You murderer! You shall pay with your life. You shall pay for ——"

"My dear sir!" broke in the doctor, tugging in his turn at Harry Earle. "You must be mad! This young lady is unfortunately dead, but she has died of heart failure. She has not been murdered. Let go Mr. Stuttermann's throat! You are killing him."

Carl Stuttermann tried to splutter out some words, but the hands that were at his throat made speech impossible to him. He had another half dozen seconds of agonised struggling, and then he was flung senseless to the floor, and the strong young fellow who had struck him down, after one backward look of yearning anguish at the dead figure on the sofa, strode out of the room and out of the house, followed by the doctor shouting for police.

Then Jasmine Floyd rushed out from her hiding-place, stretching forth her hands and crying:

"Harry! Harry! I am living! Come back! Come back!"

But even while she uttered the despairing cries, she knew she uttered them too late.

As she rushed past the table, going very close to it in order to avoid the prostrate bulk of Stuttermann, one of the hooks of the poor serge coat she wore caught in the tablecloth and dragged it, so that some glasses were upset and two or three knives and forks fell to the floor.

Turning to free herself, she noticed a peculiar light blue stain on the whiteness of the cloth. Without knowing why she did so, she caught up one of the knives that had dropped and hacked off the bit of the cloth that had the stain upon it. Then, taking from her breast the front door key of her father's secret house in Regent's Park, she stooped over the unconscious Stuttermann and slipped it into one of his pockets.

Then she went out into the fog—she was no longer the luxurious and cherished Miss Floyd, but was a homeless, friendless, almost penniless outcast; as much an outcast as the lover in the branded clothes of a convicted felon, who had gone out a few minutes before her.

* * *

CHAPTER IV.

THE ONE WARDER TOO MANY.

Jasmine Floyd went on through the blinding, muffling fog, hardly knowing where she went.

She would have liked to follow Harry Earle, and tell him that she was living; but to follow and overtake anyone was impossible. And she was too dazed to make any plans. She knew that there was one thing she must do before all else, and that was to find herself a shelter for the night that soon would come. Whatever happened, she must have some place, however humble, wherein to lay her head, and she tried to guide her uncertain steps towards Eaton Square.

The fashionable square was not very far from Chelsea, but instead of going straight to it she found herself walking in circles, so that many hours passed before she reached it. When she had made sure that she was at the right house she went to the servants' entrance.

It was the first time in her life that she had ever gone to any house by any door other than the door of honour. But, then, on all other occasions she had been Jasmine Floyd; whereas now she was only a nameless and despairing outcast. And how could a nameless outcast seek admittance at the front door of the town house of Lord Clarestoke?

Knocking timidly at the area door, she asked the footman who answered her knock if she could see Mr. Tigg. Mr. Tigg was the butler, and after running a fishy eye over her unfashionable clothes with a contemptuous expression, the footman showed her into the housekeeper's room, and told her to wait.

At the end of ten minutes Mr. Tigg came—an elderly little man with sandy side whiskers, a bald head, and a bulb-shaped nose, whose rosy hue did him a cruel injustice since he never drank too freely. He eyed Jasmine disapprovingly.

"Well, young woman, and what do you want with me?"

Jasmine Floyd lifted the thick veil which hung over her face from the brim of her plain black hat—Mary Glover's hat—and showed his face. And at exclamation broke from him:

"Well, it it isn't Miss Floyd! Miss Floyd! Why, whatever in the Lord's name is the meaning of this?"

"Hush, Tigg! Lock the door, and then I will tell you something. I know I can trust you, because Mr. Lennie told me once that you had always kept any secrets he had trusted you with ever since he was a boy. Tigg, you are not to call me Miss Floyd any more. Whatever you may hear about me or

(Continued on page 1645.)

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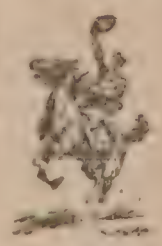

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STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

At the carry-over last week markets were dull and prices were marked down owing to the Far Eastern situation.

* * *

In the new account, however, things have been bucking up, and quite a cheerful tone prevails.

* * *

The speculator is in the background, but the investor with money in his pocket is picking up the good things at ridiculously low prices.

* * *

A fresh spurt in Southern Railway Stocks, especially the two favourites—South Eastern Deferred and Chatham Ordinary—has created quite a lively railway market.

* * *

The stocks of the two lines above referred to have been actively bid for and show a substantial advance.

* * *

Brighton Deferred have also been prominent.

* * *

In the Underground group Districts are again to the fore, also Metropolitans.

* * *

Among Colonial Rails Canadian Pacifics have been jumping about in dangerous fashion, but as I predicted Grand Trunk Third Prefs. are gradually forging ahead.

* * *

I strongly recommended my readers to buy Grand Trunk Third at 50, and I sincerely hope that many have done so, as they have already risen over 5 points. Grand Trunk Third Pref are still worth purchasing, and the Ordinary are worth holding for a long shot.

* * *

Despite the bad traffic report last week, Mexican Railway Ordinary have been strongly supported, but I cannot advise my readers to touch this stock yet, although Mexican 6 per Cent. Second Preference should prove a fairly safe investment, as the dividend is more than amply covered by the net profits now being earned.

* * *

I have received the following report from the Secretary of the Rhodesian Central Gold Mining, which I print for the benefit of readers who are interested in this concern:—

> "RHODESIAN CENTRAL GOLD MINING.—Check average samples of ore from the "Emerald Isle" have been received in London, and the assay has been certified by Messrs. Sulman and Pickard, of 44, London Wall, to contain 18 dwts. 7 grains of fine gold per long ton, value being £3 13s. 2d."

* * *

Rhodesian Central Mining Shares are still quoted at about 11s., and as I understand the Company is making good headway, the shares should be worth buying.

* * *

Casey Cobalt Shares are being rapidly picked up by the knowing ones, but readers must not blame me if they do not secure big profits here, as I have given timely notice and forecast of important developments, and as the company will shortly be issuing weekly profit statements, we are likely to see a substantial rise in these shares at any moment.

* * *

The present price of Casey Cobalt Shares is about 2¾, and my advice to you is to buy Casey Cobalt now for a good 20s. per share profit.

* * *

Among West Africans Ashanti Gold Fields and Gold Coast Amalgamated are worth purchasing at the present low quotations, but especially Ashanti Gold Fields, for these shares at about 2½., are about the best speculative investment I know of in mines.

* * *

There is very little movement in the Nigerian Tin market, and the only share here worth holding is Rayfields, but for anyone looking for quick profits the tin market is hardly the one to touch at present.

* * *

There are so many dark horses in the oil market that the only shares I care to recommend to my readers just now are Shell Transport and Spies Petroleum. Both these companies are good paying concerns and excellently managed.

Although many readers ask me about Maikop Pipe Line I cannot now recommend these shares until I know something definite above the amalgamation scheme. Shareholders are being asked to give proxies to carry through the amalgamation with the Mutual company. I candidly advise them not to do so, as my feeling is they would be much better off without the mutual.

* * *

The Maikop Pipe Line itself is doing a very big business in pumping and delivering oil, and if not hampered with derelicts this concern should pull through and be able to pay its shareholders a substantial dividend.

* * *

The good dividend-paying Rubber shares are worth picking up as an investment, and according to the amount readers have to invest I shall at any time be pleased to advise the best shares to buy and give you the name of a Member of the Stock Exchange to deal with. Bucket shops are to be avoided at any price.

ORTHOS.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

"IGNORAMUS."—In dealing with a member of the Stock Exchange you can buy stocks and shares in any company, and have the certificate delivered to you. Will send you the name of a broker if you require it.

F. R. (Glamorgan).—(1) I cannot advise you to buy Carpathian Oil. (2) Invest your £20 in any of the following rubber shares:—Bikam Rubber Co., United Sumatra, or Yam-Seng Rubber Co. If you want to buy I will send you the name of a broker.

A. B. (Kirton Lindsey).—I cannot advise you to buy the shares you mention in your letter.

S. R. (Dover).—You should invest your small capital in dividend paying rubber or oil shares.

"INVESTOR," (Leeds).—An excellent investment for you would be the guaranteed stock of the Delhi-Umballa and Kalka Railway, which has just paid a dividend at the rate of 9½ per cent. per annum, and at present price it also yields over 4 per cent. This is an Indian Railway, and although the guarantee is only 3½ dividend it continues to do so well that it is actually able to pay the 9½ per cent. mentioned above.

E. M. (Norwood).—Districts and Metropolitans are well worth buying, also Grand Trunk Third.

A. J. (Liverpool).—The best speculation I know of in mines at the present time is Casey Cobalt. These shares stand at about 2½, and I have every belief that they will go to £4.

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MAKE MONEY WHILE YOU CAN.

whatever you may read in the newspapers, you are not to say a word concerning me. . . If people say I am dead, you must not tell them I am living. You must forget that I am Jasmine Floyd, and think of me in future only as—let me see—Miss Henry. That name will do as well as any other. Will you promise?"

"Of course, I'll promise, missie; though it do seem queer—so queer that if I didn't feel sure that at your time of life you're bound to be a total abstainer, or next door to it, I should think—but never mind! Only it do go against my grain to see you in those clothes. If it wasn't that, you've got a face that can come up against anything——"

"My clothes don't matter, Tigg," Jasmine interrupted, with a tired little smile. "But now I want you to do something for me. I want you to take me upstairs to see Mr. Lennie. He's nearly sure to be in, and he'll have time to see me between now and dinner time, won't he?"

"He ought to 'ave a good fifteen minutes," replied the old butler, glancing at the clock. "Anyhow, I'll take you up to his sitting-room. You needn't be afraid of being seen on the way. I'll take you up the back stair. And, besides, this fog makes all the light look no better than so many cigarette points."

Another few minutes, and in a luxurious private sitting-room on the first floor, Jasmine Floyd found herself standing in front of the Honourable Leonard Shoreham, only son and heir of Lord Clarestoke, and cousin of Harry Earle.

He was a dashing looking young fellow, this twenty-four-year-old boy, whose life stood between the convict, Harry Earle, and the Clarestoke peerage. He was tall and had a slenderness of build which his dress clothes now showed off to advantage. He was clean shaven, and his flashing dark eyes burned under level brows, and his well brushed and parted hair, which was nearly black, curled naturally. His hands and feet were aristocratically small, and his olive-tinted skin was delicate under the tan that an open-air life had given it. In spite of his open-air habits he sometimes gave people the idea that he was vain of his personal appearance. But all thought of himself had gone out of him now as, having locked the sitting-room door at Jasmine's request, he stood and stared at her in amazement.

"My dear Jasmine! Whatever is the meaning of this?"

He was looking at her poor, half-worn out serge coat and skirt, and at her shabby black hat. He could speak to her frankly because he and she had known each other for years owing to Mr. Wellington Floyd having had a country place which adjoined Lord Clarestoke's seat in Berkshire. These two had seen a good deal of each other as children, had flirted harmlessly together during the past two or three years, and always called each other by their Christian names. Jasmine had liked Leonard because he had liked his cousin, Harry Earle, and had secretly helped him in spite of his father's hatred of him. He believed in Harry now, and it was this that had made her come to him herself for help. She put her hand on his coat sleeve.

"Lennie, I have come to ask you to help me as well as to keep a secret for me. I am not Jasmine Floyd any more. You will see in the papers to-morrow that Jasmine is dead. You must not contradict it, and whatever strange things you read or hear you must not say that I am living or give anyone the faintest idea that there is any mystery about me. I am disappearing purposely, and you must help me to disappear. You must not ask me why, because I cannot tell you. I cannot tell anyone—not even Harry Earle, though I love him, and have promised one day to marry him. At this moment he believes me to be dead, but I——"

"What are you saying? You love Harry Earle, and have promised to marry him?"

A sudden change had come on Lennie Shoreham's face. His handsome sombre eyes showed a new gleam, his level brows met and lowered, and his whole look darkened ominously.

"Yes. Why should I not? Oh, Lennie, why do you look like that about it? I thought you loved Harry almost like a brother, and believed in him absolutely."

The young fellow, who was Lord Clarestoke's heir, laughed a curious restless, nervous laugh.

"Anyhow, it doesn't much matter. They've re-arrested him, and they won't let him go a second time in a hurry."

"Re-arrested him? When? How? He was free three or four hours ago."

"A man telephoned to me that he had seen the news posted up in a window in Fleet Street. I am sure it is quite true. Poor Harry! I am sorry for him. But he might as well be in prison, for he hasn't a shilling in the world outside. Strange—to think that if I were not alive he would be heir to the peerage and a pile of money! He must curse me sometimes when he thinks of it."

Jasmine Floyd did not answer. She had flung herself into a deep armchair, and was sitting with her hands covering her face. After a few minutes she started up.

"Leonard, can you and Tigg manage to give me shelter here to-night—even the shelter of a cupboard? To-morrow I will look after myself; but to-night—in this fog—I am helpless."

(To be Continued.)

To make sure of getting your "Modern Man" every reader should order it beforehand. See to it at once.

DURHAM READER WINS £25.

No. 4 FOOTBALL COMPETITION:

In the No. 4 Football Competition a Durham reader succeeded in forecasting twelve correct results out of sixteen matches given, and, therefore, takes the prize of £25.

The fortunate Person is:—

J. SUCKLING,
High Spen,
Rowlands Gill.

To double your pay is not a dream, it is a possibility

Do you ever realise that whether your present pay be 30/- £3, or £5 a week it is possible for you to double it? That many men with I.C.S. help have reached that mark and higher? That the International Correspondence Schools have enabled thousands of men to double and treble their pay?

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"I recently received a rise in my salary of 20 per cent., which was due to the fact that I told my employer that I was taking lessons from you."
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Over 180 Courses in all to choose from.

Name .....

Address 25

HURRY UP WITH YOUR FIRSTS AND LASTS COUPONS.

OUR WHEELERS' COLUMN.

Cycle Notes and Bargains.

The only stipulation which is made in connection with our Free Exchange Bureau is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed below.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

An experiment recently made to test the possibilities of the modern 3½-h.p. engine was to drive one a distance of 103 miles on one charge of oil. To everybody's surprise the machine survived the test, but at the same time it is not one I should recommend riders to copy, unless they want an excuse to get a new machine.

Some extraordinary fine performances have been recently put up by a single-cylinder machine water-cooled against machines and cycle-cars of a much higher power, and if these successes continue we may safely assume it will not be long before this system is adopted in standard models of leading makes.

There is trouble brewing in the law courts owing to youthful riders having raised the plea of infancy or no assets on the occasion of judgment having been given against them in law suits. At present the law allows anyone over 14 to drive a motor-cycle, but if such despicable methods are employed to evade legal liability the sooner this age limit is raised the better, as such conduct only tends to bring into disrepute the hobby of thousands.

* * *

MOTOR CYCLES.

Rex, 4-h.p., free engine, Bosch, spares. £24, or nearest offer. Motor Box 67, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Enfield, 1912, 6-h.p., and sidecar. £73, or take pedal cycle part exchange. Motor Box 68, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

CYCLES.

Rover, racer, bought this season. £3 10s. Bargain.—F. Standing, 227, Belgrave Gate, Leicester.

All-Black Sunbeam. Been very little used, speed-gear.—Offers to Cycle Box 33, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

COUPON.

Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

_____

_____

_____

Name and Address _____

Readers will oblige by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

RACING SELECTIONS.

By "The Old Hand."

LEICESTER—Monday.
Boxhill's Steeplechase Plate: Stormcock II.
December Handicap Hurdle: Newgrange.
Birstall Selling Handicap Steeplechase: Old Harry.
Town Selling Handicap Hurdle: Zale.
LEICESTER—Tuesday.
Leicester Handicap Hurdle Race: Friendly Fox.
Sileby Handicap Steeplechase: Shanawan.
GATWICK—Wednesday.
Pegasus Steeplechase Handicap: Melamar.
GATWICK—Thursday.
Courtland Selling Steeplechase: Milfoil.
Horsham Selling Hurdle Race: Countie's Club.
SANDOWN PARK—Friday.
Annual Handicap Hurdle: Scotney.
Three-Year-Old Hurdle Race: Cabanas.
SANDOWN PARK—Saturday.
Sandown Handicap Steeplechase: Bedgrove.
Milburn Maiden Hurdle: Dandyprat.
Oxshott Selling Hurdle: Greator.

The Racing Editor will wire the best thing he knows each day for 5s. weekly, or will send a single message for 1s. Selections will be wired overnight for the benefit of readers who cannot deal with mid-day messages.

TOBACCO HABIT Conquered in 3 days.

I offer a genuine guaranteed remedy for tobacco or snuff habit in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar **nervousness** and craving for **cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff;** they are **poisonous** and seriously **injurious to health,** causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, **sleeplessness,** gas, belching, **gnawing,** or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach, **constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigour, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy,** neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, **heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite,** bad teeth, **foul breath,** enervation, lassitude, **lack of ambition,** falling out of hair, baldness, and many other disorders. **It is unsafe and torturing** to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by merely stopping—don't do it. The gentle, safe, agreeable way is to **eliminate the nicotine poison** from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves, and genuinely overcome the craving. You can give up tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better, while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the **wonderful 3 days' Method.** Inexpensive, reliable. Also **Secret Method** for conquering habit in another **without his knowledge.** Full particulars, including my **Book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit,** sent in plain wrapper, **free.** Don't delay. Keep this; show to others. This advt. may not appear again. Address:
EDWARD J. WOODS, 10, Norfolk Street (395 T.F.), Strand, London, W.C.

SECRET FREE.

STOP RUINING YOUR LIFE.

Your Christmas Gift THIS YEAR SHOULD BE A SPECIAL HANDSOMELY PLATED TROUSER PRESS

Polished 6-ply Oak, **5/9** Carriage paid U.K. per Parcels Post, 11lbs. **Extra Heavy Press** to take 6 pair in 8 ply Oak, Heavily nickel-plated fittings, **8/6** carriage paid, weight 14lbs.

WHY PAY MIDDLE PROFITS? Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome unbreakable 6-ply POLISHED OAK **Heavily Plated Fly Nuts and Powerful Steel Crossbars as shown.** Full length. Take 4 pairs. **Guaranteed 5 years, sent on 7 days' approval.** Money returned next post if not satisfied. Send for Illustrated List Free.
SIMPLEX MANUFACTURING Co. (H. CLIPSON, Manager),
53, ECCLES ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

J. & H. ELLIS

clothe the
MODERN MAN
with
MODERN MATERIAL
and a
MODERN FIT
at
MODERN PRICES.
Come to us and we will see you right. Satisfaction guaranteed in a
MODERN ESTABLISHMENT.

OVERCOATS - 50/-

DRESS SUITS 84/-

If you cannot call we will send you our self-measurement form, etc., together with patterns, on receipt of post card.

J. & H. ELLIS

20, Farringdon Street,

Near Ludgate Circus.

When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Man."

ARE YOU USING ONE OF OUR SAFETY RAZORS?

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

REMOVING TOBACCO SMELL.

D.C. (Burnley) wishes to know if there is any method by which one may counteract the smell of tobacco when one's clothes get impregnated with it.

The most effective means is fresh air. Hang the coat up either out of doors or in a good strong draught. Spread it out so that it can get well-aired.

It is possible, of course, to spray a coat with scent or something of that sort, but the result is usually a nondescript odour that is by no means pleasant. The ordinary casual pipe outdoors or in a friend's rooms will not have much effect on a coat; it is the evenings spent at home in a smoke-laden atmosphere that impregnates the coat with the smell of tobacco. The remedy in that case is to keep an old jacket to wear when smoking. By so doing, you will ensure that your only tobacco-fumed jacket will be worn only when a smell of tobacco does not matter.

SUBSTITUTE FOR CLOTHES-BRUSH.

The man who wears dark clothes, as most town-dwellers perforce do, is unpleasantly dependent on the clothes-brush if he is to keep his suit smart. The little bits of fluff in the air, the hairs of a favourite terrier, the rough edges of a daily newspaper, or many other of the things that we come into daily contact with, speedily reduce a black or dark blue coat to a very disreputable condition.

If there is no clothes-brush available, a very fair substitute may be found in the palm of the hand slightly damped.

This is, of course, no use in removing caked mud—the blade of a pen-knife will be more efficacious in that case, but it will brush off small bits of fluff, hair, etc.

BOOT LACING.

Do you lace you boots correctly? It is a small matter, but one that affects a man's smartness a good deal.

The most important thing is to see that the two sides of the boot meet, and that they sit properly without "kinking" between the eyelet holes.

In order to achieve this, it is obvious that the laces should not be allowed to come up between the flaps. If they are to be crossed at all—and perhaps this method is most suitable for shoes and for town wear, as being rather more ornate—the whole of each cross should be either above or below the flaps of the boot.

But for heavier boots, and especially for those worn with leggings, the straight-laced military fashion is undoubtedly the most suitable.

There are two ways of putting in the laces in this "ladder" style, and though the result is practically the same in each case, one is much more satisfactory than the other and takes far less time to adjust.

Perhaps the commoner method is to bring one end of the lace straight up inside the boot from the bottom hole to the top, and then to pass the other end over and under from side to side until the top hole is reached.

When you are trying on a pair of boots, however, you will observe that the assistant will probably lace your boots straight by a quite different method.

Both ends are passed inwards through the two bottom holes. The right hand end is then brought up through the next hole on the left-hand side, and the left-hand end through the next hole, but on the opposite side. The right-hand end is then brought straight across, and the process repeated until the top hole is reached.

BRILLIANTINE.

A week or two ago, L.C.P. (Pontypool) enquired the composition of brilliantine. J.F. (Dunshanghlin) has very kindly forwarded a recipe, which any chemist will make up:—Castor Oil, Anhydrous Alcohol, equal parts; Otto Rose, m5; Ol. Lemon, mx.

THE TAILOR'S CRAFT.

The test of the tailor's craft is the building of an evening dress suit—for in this garment every detail of cut, fit, and style must be perfect, otherwise the suit is an inferior one, and will not look well.

A dress suit is generally considered an expensive acquisition, because so few tailors can supply a really good one at a cost within the financial reach of the average man. To the latter, however, Messrs. J. and H. Ellis, of 20, Farringdon Street, close to Ludgate Circus, come forward as friends in need. They will build a really smart dress suit for £4 4s., which is just as good in appearance, comfort, and wear as if it had come from Savile Row, and cost three times the price.

CLOTHES FOR CHRISTMAS

It will add to your pleasure if you know that you are well dressed, and the McKinley system enables you to dress well and cheaply. McKinley Suits and Overcoats are made from genuine all-wool Scotch and English Cloths, are cut and tailored by London experts, and compare most favourably with those for which twice the price is charged elsewhere.

LOUNGE SUITS to measure 35/- to 55/-
OVERCOATS ,, 30/- to 50/-
DRESS SUITS ,, From 63/-

NO EXTRAS.—Money refunded if you are not fully satisfied.

WRITE TO-DAY for Booklet "M.N." and our magnificent range of Free Patterns. Together with the samples we shall send our New Fashion Plates, tape measure, and the McKinley Scientific Self-Measurement Chart, which enables you to take measures for any garment as accurately as an experienced tailor. The McKinley system will save you half your tailoring bill. Write or Call.

C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists
(Tailoring Dept.),
7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C. (Opposite G.P.O.)

MASTERS'
"NEW OXFORD"
OVERCOAT

is the coat that never fails to satisfy.

Masters' "New Oxford" Overcoat—it is a speciality which all well-dressed men are wearing. It is made of blanket cloth in Brown, Green, and Grey Shadow Stripes, extra heavy quality. Price 35s. Easy Terms. Masters' system of immediate supply is for your convenience. Simply send

4/- WITH ORDER,

give your height, chest measurement over vest, and colour desired, and we send you 35s. self-fitting, ready-to-wear Overcoat post paid; pay 4s. on delivery and 5s. monthly. We also supply the "New Oxford" Coat in same shades double-breasted, back strap and strapped sleeves for 40s., or 5s. deposit, 5s. on delivery, 5s. monthly. Send 4s. (or 5s. for the D.B.), and ask for the "New Oxford" ready-to-wear Overcoat. Patterns free on application.

MASTERS LTD.
35, Hope Stores,
RYE.

SUITS 34/6 &c. ON CREDIT.

WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS.

3/6 buys a NEW LIFE for that OLD SUIT or OVERCOAT.

Pack up that wrinkled suit or overcoat and send it to us with a Postal Order for 3/6. In a few days it will be returned to you CLEANED, REPAIRED and TAILOR-DRESSED—looking almost new. Our new Tailor Process brings the clothes back to their original shape, it removes the signs of wear and cleans the material. It is superior to dry-cleaning process. Carriage paid one way. Repairs and Alterations of every description.

The National Tailoring and Repairing Co.,
144-146, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.

When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Man."

£250 CAN BE WON FOR FOOTBALL SKILL.

Readers Sale or Exchange.

Advts. are inserted under this heading at the rate of 1d. per word, and should be sent with remittance to the Advt. Manager, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. today to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Conjuring catalogue, illustrated, free; send early.—Vandy (Dept. M.M.), next Wyndham's Theatre, London.

Your appearance can be improved by a head of curly hair, send to-day for a bottle of "Curlolena," "The Sure Hair Curler" 1s. 1½d., post free.—A. Fergusson, 82, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, London, N.E. For either ladies or gentlemen.

For increase of height, see Professor Prowse's announcement on page 1640.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Learn to draw for "Modern Man" and other papers and journals; professional tulelage by correspondence; stamp brings illustrated prospectus.—"Art," Church Street, Westhoughton, Lancs. Fee £1 1s.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For trouser press see advt. Simplex Manufacturing Co., page 1646.

PAWNBROKERS' Clearance Sale. Send for list of 3,500 genuine bargains of every description; post free; astounding value.

25/—GENT.'S £5 Double-breasted Winter OVERCOAT, 40in. breast; superior quality heavy dark-grey frieze with tweed lining, deep turned-down collar and strap cuffs; made for motorist by West-End tailors; never worn. Approval.

10/6 Gent.'s 18ct. gold-cased keyless lever watch, improved action (John Forrest, London), 10 years' warranty, absolutely perfect time-keeper; also double curb albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Week's free trial. Together, great bargain, 10s. 6d. Approval

29/6 (Original price £5 15s.) Valuable double-barrelled breech-loader gun, top lever, 12 bore, proof-tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; new condition; sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £9 9s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

10/6 ORGAN TONE MELODEON; magnificent 37s. 6d. instrument, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords, rich, powerful tone, in perfect order; sacrifice, 9s. 6d.; approval.

4/9 Knitted CARDIGAN JACKET; (Worth 15s.).—Gent.'s Well-made reliable quality; unworn; approval.

21/- (Worth £4 4s.).—GENT.'S Solid Silver Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable main spring, timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' written warranty; also Gent.'s Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached; bargain, 21s.; approval.

DAVIS & CO., (Dept. 4) Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29 Farringdon St., London, E.C.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1640.

True as Death! New Patent Silver-plated Tie-maker given free, with 5 ties, for 1s. It saves times, money and labour. Established 1897.—Seklew and Co., 114, City Road, Manchester.

10s. 6d.; Army and Navy Field Glasses; strong case and shoulder strap; worth double.—G. Stebbing, Thornhill Road, Wortley, Leeds.

"Sunbronze" gives handsome sunburnt appearance; detection impossible; 1s.—"Sunbronze," 75, Stamford Street, S.E.

Why be Short! By adopting my simple system you can put inches on to your height in three months. No apparatus. No medicines. Ordinary habits retained. Send two penny stamps for particulars, to Professor Prowse, 3, North End Chambers, Croydon.

FREE SHAVING SET COUPON.

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of MODERN MAN, and a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated Patent MODERN MAN Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case. For particulars see below.

Dated, December 7, 1912.

.....Cut here.....

.....Cut here.....

6/6 FOR NOTHING is what your Editor offers you.

I never dreamed when I made this Shaving Set Offer that it would meet with such an enthusiastic response. Evidently my readers are out to help me, and incidentally to help themselves to a complete Shaving Set FREE OF COST.

If you will only give the copies of "Modern Man" to the right people, I am satisfied we shall quickly have a permanent 500,000 readers, and how proud you and I will be when every newsagent is interested in the paper and exhibits our bill outside his shop.

REMEMBER, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to distribute six copies of the current issue of "Modern Man" among your masculine friends, although, by the bye, the ladies like "Modern Man," but before doing so, cut out the FREE SHAVING SET coupon on this page. Send the six coupons to me, together with a P.O for 1/- to cover carriage and packing expenses of the Shaving Set, and I will send you by return the "Modern Man" Silver-plated Safety Razor, Silver-plated Stropper, and special stick of Shaving Soap, all complete in case, **absolutely free of charge.**

Address your letter to—Editor, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, and mark in the top left-hand corner "Free Shaving Set."

SHAVING SETS FREE TO ALL.

SEND FOR ONE NOW.

	s.	d.
Modern Man Patent Safety Razor	5	0
" " Stropper	0	6
Stick of Shaving Soap in Metal Case	1	0
Total ...	**6s.**	**6d. Free to My Readers.**

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